

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1875.

SOUL SENSITIVENESS.

BY BISHOP JESSE T. PECK.

SUPERFICIALLY, I mean the *sensorium*, or that susceptibility of feeling in which the senses are grounded; with more discrimination, I mean human, in distinction from animal, feeling; for instance, that which is rationally connected with sense-perceptions.

Remove soul-sensitiveness, and leave all nerve ganglia and development and all other animal tissues, with the circulating system, in complete action, and, to the man remaining, there would be no outer world; just as, without the retina, there would be no vision. Nor would there be any pain from external causes. The only notice of violence to nerves, by puncture or laceration, is given to sensitiveness. It is the only seat of suffering.

With more refinement of thought, let this be recognized as the home of the beautiful. Soul-sensitiveness has a more delicate susceptibility than that which is reached by gross matter. Form passing into curved lines, a polished surface, lights and shades skillfully distributed and gracefully blended; motion, giving ease and variety to the delicate muscles and nerves of the eye; sound, in sweet melody, harmony, and expression, all pass directly through the sensitiveness, which receives indiscriminate perceptions, and take position in the inner

soul of the *sensorium*. An opaque globe does not affect this refined susceptibility; but the heavens, of a cloudless night, make it quiver with indefinable pleasure. The blank canvas and paints and brushes leave it quiescent; but the painting of a master fills it with deep, pervading delight. The block of marble does not reach it; but a piece of splendid statuary fills it with *quick* inspiration.

In pure being (ontology), this sensitiveness is the *soul* of the soul; in life (biology), it is the condition of immortality. We have but to suppose it absent or dead, and there is nothing to be immortal. You might think of the body raised, and inhabited by a mind, with every thing perfect, but no sensitiveness; and the man, if you call him a man, would be a complete isolation from the universe, without history or prophecy. There could be no possible consecution of thought; for memory and belief must be grounded in sensitiveness. Nor could such a being have any knowledge of his own existence; for self-consciousness takes place in this soul of the *sensorium*. It is within this that mind becomes objective to itself. It sees, for instance, itself in picture-making action (fancy); but imagination could have no use for its materials without a sensitive entity on which to paint its new and unreal

combinations, as all the materials of the photographer would be valueless without the sensitive plate. So all introspection and soul-seeing, in the truth realms of the Infinite, would end were this soul-essence destroyed.

But let us to a profounder analysis in search for the practical in this discussion. As we must be helped by physics in the study of metaphysical truth, there must be (so to speak), underlying the sensitiveness which responds to the fine arts, a susceptibility of spiritual impressions, intelligence, state, and phenomena, which receives the infinite spirit in living personality, authority, and grace, into the cognizance and appreciation of the finite soul. In this sphere, divine agency works the grand renewal, beginning in this very soul-essence to work outward, through the passions, qualities of mind, and the sense-laws, into the appetites, and throughout the body. Now let us discriminate. That which, in a previous recognition, seemed the most refined sensitiveness, only seized and held the fugitive beauties of the fine arts. This apprehends the cause of the higher pleasures of the eye and ear. That listens to the reading, this sees the maker and the making, of the grand poem of the universe. That listens to the majestic harmonies of the creation; this changes the soul itself into the divinest harmonies.

Now, in this refined refinement of thought, we reach, if even in any way, soul essence. At least we know it *is*.

Personally, it has infinite varieties and degrees. To perhaps the greatest numbers it is simply the apprehension of the material world, and the grosser pleasures of sense. To a more thinking smaller number, it is taste in its lower sense, "the

power of receiving pleasure or pain from the beauties or deformities of nature and art." To a still smaller number of scholarly minds, it is the higher taste judging of what produces pleasure or pain.

In entirely another classification, with the many, it is the capability of cognizing only what is marked rough, gross, obvious, in the action of material agencies or things upon the sentient mind. Others, from a more exquisite organization, take up the subtle fugitive forces of nature into soul-being, detect the invisible secrets of the universe, and live in a world of refined happiness or misery unknown to the masses. These, imperceptibly and without conscious volition, by instinct analyze character, classify and know people, which to others form only a common indiscriminate mass.

This is the most special sexual distinction. Soul-sensitiveness in woman judges with spontaneous and probable accuracy, when men reason, and thus delay. For purposes of protection probably, certainly to lead the race in refinement, soul-sensitiveness in women is more promptly sensitive, and, in the last analysis, more refined, than in man.

But let us recognize a greater wonder. In the realm of spiritual sensitiveness God has provided a way in which any souls may, in the new creation, be supernaturally endowed with the most profound and useful of all grades of sensitiveness—the apprehension of God and finite communion with the Infinite.

These positions are all of them of the nature of fact, and are presented without argument, as they are, if true, from the laws of intuitive belief, sufficiently proved when clearly stated.

A BELLIGERENT BISHOP.

NO thinking and serious-minded Christian can fail to take an interest in the fierce contest now going on in Germany between the Government and the Catholic Church, and no one who reads the secular or religious journals can fail to perceive how largely their columns are engrossed with this great question. To a certain extent it is the Reformation revived—the spirit of the Papacy and the spirit of Luther again in mortal conflict. But Luther is now represented by the State, while the Pope sends out his bishops to enter the arena of conflict and stand for the Church.

We scarcely unfold a newspaper without seeing an account of the strife between some one of these bishops and the legal authorities of the land—to-day one of them will be fined, and to-morrow another will be imprisoned, for violating the State laws. There are nine of these, known as the North-German bishops, who are the most active in this contest, which is being waged mostly on North-German soil; and the head and front of this band is Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, to whom we propose to pay our attentions as the "Belligerent Bishop;" and this not only because he is always, in the language of the sons of St. Patrick, "spoiling for a fight," but because it was our fortune, good or bad, to see him make his start in the world. And this, it is true, not in a religious arena, but in a sphere where he more naturally belongs, that of political strife.

After the revolutionary upheaval in Germany in 1848, there was a short period of delusion for the nation, during which it imagined that it was approaching that national unity and condition of liberty for which it had been so long pining. The result was, on the part of the people, a universal election throughout the land for a German Parliament to represent the entire and reunited nation. The princes, however, paid but little

attention to this, and had no sympathy with it. The elections brought all sorts of ambitious and designing men to the surface; many with good, and some with sinister, intentions. The result was the Parliamentary body that met in the famous old Imperial capital of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

It was our lot to be there for a time—a comparative child among them—taking notes for present and future use. Among the most remarkable of these men was young Ketteler, a recently fledged lawyer, who was clearly destined to make his mark in some way. He had studied law in the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin, and had even entered on its practice in the old cathedral town of Münster. But dissatisfied with the law, he left it to pursue a course of theological study in Munich, where he was at one time the pupil of Döllinger, now his most decided antagonist. After this he continued and finished his theological studies in the Divinity School of Münster, and had been ordained to the functions and order of the priesthood.

But when this revolution swept over the country, he was too much of a politician not to be engulfed by it, and was thus elected, from his province, a member of this famous Parliament. He was nearly the first speaker on its floor in support of the proposition to have religious service in its honor in the churches of the different confessions in the town; the proposition was rejected on the ground that there was no essential need of such a course in connection with a body that was to represent unity, and not diversity. Nearly every movement of Ketteler during the existence of the Parliament was in the direction of complicating the Church with the State, in which tendency he found little sympathy; but he learned the tricks and intricacy of parliamentary life, and acquired a taste of acting in the opposition.

The ability thus displayed called attention to the man, and, in a year after, he received the flattering position of leading prelate to the Catholic Cathedral of Berlin, noted as the great Papal church supported by a Protestant State, in the midst of a Protestant capital. Here he did his work for the Pontiff so well that the latter placed his name on the record for rapid promotion; and when the Episcopal Chair of the city of Mayence was vacated by death, the Pope refused to ratify the candidate elected by the local chapter, and virtually bid them put Ketteler in that lofty place, which deed was finally effected by Ultramontane influence. Mayence is the most noted city on the Rhine, which, in olden time, was called the "Priest's Highway," from the fact that so many priests were found along its banks and traveling on its waters. In the noted town of Cologne, where is found the greatest Gothic monument of the age—the famous Cathedral, which has been in the course of construction for more than six hundred years, and is still unfinished—we once saw more than a hundred bishops, assisted by a numerous retinue of subordinate priests, celebrating, with all the gorgeousness of ecclesiastical ceremony, the sixth centennial anniversary of the commencement of that structure.

In such a focus of power the Holy Father desired "a man who should be a joy to the Church and a glory to God," and they gave him a loyal belligerent, who would take a pleasure in fighting its battles. He was scarcely warm in his seat before he began his life-work, which was naught else than to raise the Church above the State, and which has resulted in making him so prominent in the fierce conflicts of the hour. Ketteler became the propelling force in the struggles of the bishops of the Rhine provinces. He first began by trying his hand on the smaller States, intending to close up his battle with Prussia, which is now receiving the vials of his wrath. He called episcopal conferences, and issued circulars to the governments, containing the

demands of the bishops. These were, the privilege of filling the pulpits without consulting with the Minister of Public Worship, the founding and controlling of theological schools in the same way, and the unlimited control over the lower clergy, with independent administration of the funds coming from the State treasury. Our readers who have followed this contest, will remember that this platform is the cause of the present contention.

At that period the State was not suspicious, in the first place, and, in the second, was desirous of conciliating, as far as possible, the Catholic clergy, in the hope of being able to use it against the destructive radicals that were everywhere rising up to annoy it. Therefore it yielded one point after another, until it had given up nearly all control of a Church whose priests it paid, and whose ecclesiastical and educational establishments it supported. The device that Ketteler put upon his banner sounded very well to his followers, and would have been right enough had there not been an insidious meaning back of it: "One must obey God rather than men." The trouble is, that he only pretends to live up to this doctrine; he obeys the Pope, not God, and this causes all the trouble. But with this motto on his standard, he issued circular after circular, until he finally succeeded in getting under episcopal control nearly all the theological seminaries and the preparatory schools for boys; and then he manned them with Jesuits for teachers, who carry out his will with the exactness and fidelity of military officers.

In many of these schools, the boys are taken at the tender age of twelve years; and from that period they are entirely separated from contact with the world, and are trained after a strictly clerical pattern. The Bishop and the State had a great struggle over this point; the State wished to retain a control over these schools, at least an inspection; the fortunes of the contest varied, but Ketteler generally succeeded in the end in carrying his point, so that, a few years ago, the State waked up to the fact that there

were many of these establishments, in which the children of the land were being brought up to be rebels to the Government.

When he had succeeded in getting this matter in a shape to suit his purposes, he left the conducting of it to others, and turned his attention to agitation among the Catholic masses. The means adopted were a clerical press, which he founded in Mayence and other centers, and various associations that should bring the lower classes together in unions, where they could be made to operate *en masse*. The first of these was the "Pope Pius Union," whose principal statute was the following: "A United Germany only on the platform of Catholic Christendom;" that is, Germany was to be a Catholic Union, or none at all. Mayence was to be the head center of all these efforts, and there the work has been done so well that Germany is now permeated with Catholic associations and unions of all kinds, almost to its ruin; and to which we shall refer farther on.

The great object was to use the power of the Church to operate against the State, and in this view Bishop Ketteler favored every agitation that could help him to gain a place whence he could cast his arrows; and by this means he at last, though yet a young man, took the lead of the whole German Episcopacy. In the famous Conferences of Fulda, before and after the Vatican Council, his voice always gave, in case of doubt, the casting vote. The protest of the bishops against the recent Church and school laws of Prussia is said to have emanated from his pen. When the first Imperial Parliament assembled, in 1871, Ketteler was the first man to appear as a deputy from a district in Baden, and he immediately became the leader of the "Party of the Center," as it is called, whose sole and only object is to embarrass the State, because it will not give up the temporal rule to the Church, and restore the Pontiff to his temporal throne. His lofty position in the Church, added to his energy, his general culture, his ready speech and

commanding presence, peculiarly qualifies him to be a party leader. When the Parliament began the work of a National Constitution, he demanded the incorporation of the principle of intervention in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, and, failing in this, he resigned his position, and left the Parliament. But he cast his Parthian arrows behind him as he went, by bidding his adherents swear eternal enmity to the new Empire; and on this solid and intelligible platform his men could easily fight without him, while he could be more advantageously employed elsewhere.

This absolute and dogmatical position of Ketteler toward the Empire is the more remarkable and inconsistent in view of his stand at the Council of the Vatican. There he was opposed to the dogma of infallibility, and headed the minority, who fought against it because they considered it "inopportune," while other bishops opposed it because they considered it "un-Catholic and antichristian." He even made a Latin speech in opposition to it in the Council, in which he declared that the adoption of the dogma would cause a schism in the Church, and awaken a bitter opposition among its enemies, and, instead of removing evils, would be the cause of great calamity. In this, Ketteler made a very accurate prophecy, and showed that he knew his ground well. But he finally yielded; and it almost seems as if the Jesuits, with whom he lived while in Rome, were glad to have him in the opposition at first, that, by his final retraction, he might give an influential example to others; for what a feather it is in their cap when such an authority bends to them! and who else can then hold out?

Bishop Ketteler is now not only the leader of the combined episcopacy in this contest, but he may be said to be the fugleman of the strife. He has issued various pamphlets and books, in which he gives his views about the political, ecclesiastical, and social questions of the period. And these productions are a curious medley of the true and the false, are

full of masterly sophistry and engaging language on the one hand, and unbridled abuse on the other. One of his earlier writings bears the title, "Liberty, Authority, and Church;" and wages a war against false liberalism from a very sensible and judicious Christian stand-point. But he soon oversteps the mark, and shows partiality by declaring his love and fidelity to Catholic Austria, and his hatred to Protestant Prussia—his own country.

His pastoral letters to the Catholic people were always couched in this tone, and written to affect the masses, to whom he ever pays much attention. In all his appeals of this kind, he openly attacks the Reformation, declaring, that, since that time, the German nation has lost its peculiar vocation, and that the ancient loyalty and faith have disappeared. He declares that the Reformation introduced religious strife, but in no wise altered the claims and status of the Church: and that, therefore, they must hold fast to the foundations of Christendom and civil society; and these are the subjection of civil authority to the Church, and the schools to the latter. This, of course, brings him just where he would stand; namely, in subjection to the Papacy in all things, which is the doctrine that he is now fighting for in opposition to the State.

The most violent demonstration of Ketteler was lately against the Prussian Minister of Public Instruction, on account of the position of this functionary in regard to the status of the schools. The Minister would have these under the control and inspection of the State which supports them, and complained to the Parliament that the Prussian bishops had combined against the laws of the State to which they belong, and even against their native country, to yield to the bidding of a man in a foreign land—alluding to the Pope. This plain and uncomplimentary allusion to the Pope, in addition to the unwelcome truth that they bow to his bidding rather than to their own monarch, put Ketteler into a towering passion, and he passed all the bounds of pro-

priety in his rejoinder, declaring that Minister Falk was a fit companion to the French Communist Proudhon, and could lay no just claim to the appellation of Christian.

Having thus completely broken with the State, he now remains solely in his own camp, there forging the most dangerous thunder-bolts against the German Government. And for this purpose he of late years has paid unusual attention to the lower classes, with a view to enroll and organize them against the Government. Following the example of the so-called "Social Democrats," who organize with a view to control labor and trade, to form trades' unions, with a view to regulate wages, and a thousand other questions affecting the relations of employer and employed, our Bishop steps into their ranks and takes the Catholics out of them, in the intent to organize these for the double purpose of sustaining the Church and embarrassing the State by a new and more vigorous International Society. They adopt the name of the Christian Social Democrats, although they are sometimes called by the enemies the "Black Internationals," in contradistinction to the "Red Internationals," or "Communists;" the red flag being the standard of the one, and the black priestly garb the insignia of the other.

Bishop Ketteler has written largely about the much-debated and vexed question of labor, and sympathizes clearly with the views of the Socialists in regard to their demands, and he makes certain claims in favor of the working-men on the State, the Church, and the upper classes. This position is well calculated to attract them to him, for it gives them a wider latitude of complaint and a broader field of redress, and the Catholic principle in the midst of it is a strong cement; for the ordinary Socialists know each other solely as such, while the Catholics are bound to each other by Church ties. The result is, that the Social Democrats have lost nearly all their adherents in Catholic countries, because these have joined the Christian Social

Democrats under the patronage and control of the Church. And these "Black Internationals" are, for this very reason, now becoming more dangerous to the State than the "Reds," simply because blood is thicker than water.

These new-fangled Democrats are led on by some of the most prominent men in the Ultramontane camp, among whom we name Monfang, of South Germany, who is the leader of the Ultramontanes in the "Party of the Center" of the German Parliament. His doctrine is, that the State must afford direct assistance to the working-men in the establishment of labor associations, just as capitalists make coalitions with a view of forming companies to carry on large industrial and manufacturing enterprises. In this way, Ketteler has in his employ a body of sharp and unscrupulous lieutenants, who, under the guise of favoring and protecting the interests of the working-men, have rather the ulterior object of being able to bring them altogether under their control, and thus use them in favor of the Church in its contest with the State.

These "Christian Social Unions," as these societies are called, absorb nearly every thing not under the direct control of the convents and monkish fraternities of diverse kinds. The "Pope Pius Union" may be said to be the principal one, and to partake more exclusively of a religious nature, while the "Journey-men's Unions" exert a stronger social influence. In these are included also the Employers' Union and that of the Apprentices, co-operative associations, as well as societies for savings-banks, and loan associations. In imitation of the Journey-men's Unions, there are associations for young manufacturers and factory operatives. Then come the benevolent associations, of all sorts, for the support or placing of female operatives and servants, and especially for aid to them during a period of want of employment, or sickness; and in the wake of these follow the mutual aid societies of every shade, but all permeated with the one great leading principle; namely, that they are Catholic

associations, and under the guidance and control of the Church.

Some of these bodies are so numerous that they form a veritable army. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the Pope Pius Union numbers hundreds of thousands in Germany, all united on the one object of favoring the plans of the Church as they may be developed by the leaders. The Catholic Journey-men's Union numbered seventy thousand in 1872, and has probably doubled its numbers since that time; because the chiefs of the movement have, of late, given more attention to the matter. They know too well that this organizing system gives them immense strength, just as a thousand drilled and organized troops can put ten thousand unorganized fighters to flight.

But even this does not exhaust the category. The rural districts have been placed under ban; and throughout Westphalia and Bavaria, especially, there have been formed Peasants' Unions. This has been done under the special guidance of several men of mark, and by the co-operation of the priests in all the parish districts. Their numbers are now very large, and several newspapers have been established to further the movement. The increase of Catholic journals within the last five years is truly marvelous. Until recently, the peasants were expected to read little else than their almanacs and certain Church publications resembling catechisms and Church dogmas. Now nearly every large town has its journal in these interests, and in all of them by departments; and their circulation is pushed by all the available means in the hands of the priest, and these are by no means few. A goodly number of the editors or proprietors of these sheets are members of the Local Assembly or Imperial Parliament.

Then comes a class of associations for purely social aims among Catholics; some are for the purpose of widely distributing books and pamphlets of a Catholic social character; but others are with the express aim of collecting all Catholic

working men and women into groups for social amusement. In the beer and wine houses under the control of these unions, the working-man can get his cigar or pipe and beer a penny or two cheaper than elsewhere, and he is sure to have more congenial society than elsewhere; they are a sort of club for the masses, of a religious, partisan character. The questions of the day are naturally the staple of discussion, and the local priests and political orators and aspirants frequently come to them with lectures and addresses on the exciting questions of the hour. How well they do their work may be seen from several facts. One is the growing majority, in every election, of the Catholic Party of the Center in the German Parliament, whose sole existence hinges on the opposition to the scheme of German unity under a Protestant emperor. Another significant fact is the attempted assassination of Bismarck by a member of one of these Journeymen's Unions, which are the most loyal supporters of Ketteler's Ultramontane ranks. When Bismarck asked his assassin—the journeyman Kullmann—why he had endeavored to shoot him, he replied:

"Because you are an enemy of my Church and my party."

"What party?" said the Chancellor.

"The Party of the Center," was the response.

The leaders of this organization, such as Ketteler, Monfang, and others, of course repudiate him; but their creations and their teachings make just such men, who, in these "Unions," learn to feel that it is a duty of piety and patriotism to rid the world of Protestant statesmen who are prominent in their opposition to the

aggressions of the Church. It is quite possible that these Christian-social-unions were not originally intended to be hostile to the State. Their pretense was quite different; they were to be institutions of self-defense for the laboring men against the exactions of capital. But their strength was soon made manifest, and the temptation to use them in this contest of the Imperial power with the great Catholic Church was too strong to be resisted. They have now become political machines, directly or indirectly. The Peasants' Unions of Bavaria have issued a political circular against the German Empire, although they are a portion of it. That these organizations strengthen the clerical party, and make them more dangerous in their attacks against the Government, is very clear, not only from their local influence, but also from the fact that their alliances extend so far; for they exist all over the Protestant lands in Germany at present—there is a numerous and strong one in Berlin, right under the eaves of the Imperial Parliament. These facts prove that the conflict between these parties is desperate and uncompromising; and thus we see the State resorting to the extreme measure of fining or imprisoning certain of the German bishops in self-defense. They insist on ruining the institutions of the State, as if they and theirs were their own private property, and they turn all their clerical influence into political channels. In this hostility, the German bishops are all banded together for better or for worse, and their skillful and talented chief in this world-renowned contest is the Belligerent Bishop Ketteler.

WILLIAM WELLS.

GONE AWAY.

I SEE the farm-house, red and old,
Above its roof the maples sway;
The hills behind are bleak and cold;
The wind comes up and dies away.

I gaze into each empty room,
And, as I gaze, a gnawing pain
Is in my heart at thought of those
Who ne'er will pass the doors again;

And, strolling down the orchard slope—
So wide a likeness grief will crave—
Each dead leaf seems a withered hope,
Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call;
They will not see these tears that start;
'Tis Autumn—Autumn with it all—
And worse than Autumn in my heart.

O leaves, so dry and dead and sere,
I can recall some happier hours,
When Summer's glory lingered there,
And Summer's beauty touched the flowers.

Adown the slope a slender shape
Danced lightly, with her flying curls;
And manhood's deeper tones were blent
With the gay laugh of happy girls.

O stolen meetings at the gate!
O lingerings at the open door!
O moonlight rambles long and late!
My heart can scarce believe them o'er.

And yet the silence, strange and still,
The air of sadness and decay,
The moss that grows upon the sill—
Yes, love and hope have gone away!

So like, so like a worn-out heart!
Which the last tenant finds too cold,
And leaves for evermore, as they
Have left this homestead, red and old.

Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!
'T were well if bravely, side by side,
You waited, till the hand of time
Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.

I lean upon the gate and sigh;
Some bitter tears will force their way,
And then I bid the place good-bye
For many a long and weary day.

I cross the little ice-bound brook—
In Summer, 't is a noisy stream—
Turn round to take a last fond look,
And all has faded like a dream.

HUSH.

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast;

But surely in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."

"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking,"
Calmly still she strove to speak;
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.

"It is only the children playing
Below—now their work is done—
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried:

"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."

"It was only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass;
They were startled, and fled to the thicket,
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest.

There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed;
But rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet dead!

SULKS.

PART ONE.

"NO!" It would be impossible to convey an idea of the brief sharpness of tone with which George Stanhope replied to his wife. And the expression of his face was that of a man tried beyond endurance.

It was a handsome face—sometimes. Not so handsome as it had been eight years ago, when he stood at the altar by the side of fair Mary Newton, and vowed before God to love and cherish her till death did them part. Even then the smooth forehead, over which clustered the dark hair that Mary thought so beautiful, was not unseldom contracted by a frown when things did not go exactly right; but never had the deformity shown itself in her presence. Now, the unsightly scowl was no stranger to his face, and was fast making its permanent impression there.

On this occasion it made him a formidable object indeed to the two bright children who sat at the table with him, and, on their account, to his wife also. Mary was not naturally timid; but she had a loving, sensitive nature, and she was often deeply wounded by the lack of common courtesy that her husband exhibited toward her when, in common parlance, he felt "blue;" when, in truth, he was cross or sulky.

The ungracious response with which our sketch commences was evoked on this wise. The gentleman had come into the pleasant breakfast-room with a cloud on his face dark enough to shadow the sunniest room in the world. There was no reason why he should not have brought smiles and pleasant words with him. If he did not represent a tolerably large class we would not write another word about him, for we are disgusted with him at the outset. There is not a more contemptible sight on earth than a strong man in a fit of sulks. To George Stanhope's wife it seemed a very cruel state

of things. She exerted herself to make his home pleasant, so that its attractiveness was remarked by all who visited it; she sought earnestly to make his children love and respect him, and the difficulty of her task in this respect can only be appreciated by mothers of sharp little reasoners, who have been similarly situated. That she was not quite successful in this was shown by their appearance as their father entered the room. The gleeful prattle of the moment before was hushed without a word as soon as the young clear eyes fell on his face.

He did not look at them or their mother, but took his seat at the table without speaking. His wife glanced across the table, from time to time, hoping to see the clouds break under the influence of the hot rolls and coffee; but, though he ate and drank with apparent relish, it was done in a dreary silence befitting a funeral feast. The silence became at last so irksome that she resolved to speak to him.

"Are you unwell this morning, George?"
"No!"

That was all, but his manner expressed a lordly resentment at being questioned. It was not a new experience; but no repetition of it could ever make the young wife indifferent to it. She forced back the tears that involuntarily filled her eyes and compelled herself to smile and speak pleasantly to the little ones, whose wondering observation of their papa began to show an uncomplimentary intelligence in regard to his churlish behavior.

To attract their attention from him, Mary inquired about little Paul's progress at school, and the prospect of his learning to read well before his sixth birthday, which would come in January. Next, she discussed some plans of his in regard to the manufacture of a kite that

should "beat Jimmy Morton's, and go higher than the clouds."

"But that will be out of sight, Paul."

"Yes, mamma. But I can feel the string pull in my hand; and think how it looks up there, all alone."

"How would you like to go up there, yourself? To start from our garden and go up, up, until you could look down upon all the village?"

"Could I? O, mamma, did any one ever do that?"

The boy's eyes grew dark with interest.

"O yes! People go up in balloons much higher than that."

"Do they? Please tell me about them, mamma."

The little fellow left his seat and came eagerly to his mother's side. He had not noted the gathering displeasure on his father's face, though Mary had been sensible of it, without even glancing at him.

"Paul," said the stern voice which the boy never heard without an immediate desire to rebel, "Paul, have you finished your breakfast?"

"No, sir."

"Then go back to your seat, and stop talking."

A tiny frown, not unlike his father's, showed itself on the child's forehead; but he returned to his seat without a word. Not to finish his breakfast, for his appetite was quite spoiled by the unnecessary harshness.

"Ethie, darling," said Mary, as they left the table, "suppose you dress your new dolly nicely, and we will take her for a walk in the garden. Paul, bring some bright papers that you will find in the store-room, and I will help you cover your kite. Go down to the kitchen first, and ask Chloe to please make some paste for you."

Little Paul's face cleared up at once, and he forgot his momentary irritation. Mary lingered at the door of the breakfast-room, and looked wistfully at her husband. It seemed such a pity to have the glorious beauty of the morning shadowed by his unhappy mood.

"Will you come out with us, George?" she asked, with the sweet tone and manner that never failed to influence him when in good humor.

"No!"

Only a repetition of the sharp ungracious response to which use would never reconcile her. The discourtesy offended her sense of propriety while the unkindness wounded her heart. Ah, if the surly man could but have been gifted with the power to see himself as his own family saw him, the view must perforce have worked a healthful transformation! After they left him, he went to the window that opened upon the garden. It was a lovely spot, radiant with the fresh verdure and blossoms of June. The clear breeze outside stirred the trees gently, waking into song the robins' and bluebirds, and bringing the gossipy buzz of innumerable bees from the gnarled and crooked old locust-trees that grew by the wall next the street.

It was one of the prettiest country homes in New England. There was a cheery brightness all over and around it. But all its beauty was lost upon its owner; for it is a person's own mood that brightens or shadows a landscape. There are people so sunny-tempered as to bear indifferently the east winds on the coast of Massachusetts.

George Stanhope stood in the clear June sunshine, and looked out upon the wealth of living verdure before him with the same feeling with which he would have surveyed the arid waste of a desert. There was no gratitude swelling in his heart to the bounteous Giver who had cast his lot in pleasant places and bestowed on him so goodly a heritage. The house and grounds were his own. There were no mortgages standing between him and a sense of absolute possession. He had, besides, an income sufficient for the needs of his family, independent of a handsome salary as superintendent of a business where all the work was performed by other people. No drudgery was required of him. When his daily visit of inspection to the man-

ufactory was over, he was at leisure to seek his own pleasure.

Much can be forgiven to the moody man, whose presence is a shadow in his own house, if hard labor wearies him, and pressing cares or business perplexities combine to try his patience; though, even then, it seems unmanly to visit his ill-temper upon the head of the innocent wife, who suffers with him, and would gladly lighten his burdens by any self-denying efforts in her power, and whose sweet sympathy might strengthen him like the ministry of angels, to which it is akin. But no excuse could be invented for George Stanhope as his eyes followed the gambols of his children, who were awaiting their mother. Ethie held her doll, which was nearly as big as herself, and Paul had in his hand the skeleton of the kite that was to be covered. Presently Mary came out to them, so delicately lovely in her white morning-dress, that she seemed like a June blossom herself, her eyes bright with interest in the little ones, and her sweet voice full of motherly affection. The children played more merrily for her presence. With boyish gallantry Paul offered his hand to assist her in mounting the easy steps leading to the Summer-house. A heavier cloud settled upon the father's face as he observed them. It was very provoking to see how happy they could be without him.

Let us look more closely at this foolish misanthrope. We see a tall and rather portly gentleman, of a noble presence, with clear-cut, regular features, dark, handsome eyes, the mouth hidden by the brown beard, whose growth is permitted by fashion. It makes a fine screen for the childish pout under it. His hair is thinning slightly about the temples, but it retains its dark color without the aid of hair dyes.

To look at the man and his surroundings, one would imagine that he had nothing to wish for, so far as earthly good was concerned. Yet the stern, forbidding expression of his eyes told of any thing but contentment with his lot.

He doubtless found a kind of enjoy-

ment in the "sulks;" for no man in his senses would persistently cultivate a state of mind that he did not find agreeable. Just now he chose to consider himself injured by the apparent capacity of his wife to be happy independent of his moods.

"It was not so when we were first married," he said to himself, indignantly. "Then, if I were unhappy, she sympathized with me."

Very true, he might have been answered; because she then, in her innocent ignorance, thought there must be a reason for the gloom that darkened every thing in life; but when she found that it was simply crossness, she wisely took herself as far as possible outside of its influence. Not, indeed, without all loving, earnest efforts to exorcise the evil spirit which seemed to hold possession of him. All her attempts were vain. The demon of ill-temper maintained its ground against her tenderness and forbearance. It was doubtless akin to the Scriptural one that the disciples could not cast out, and that only the divine power could dislodge. "Sulks" might with propriety be taken as a modern manifestation of the speechless historical devil.

Mary Newton had married George Stanhope without a suspicion that he was subject to this occasional demoniac possession. She was a bright, happy girl, with a temper all sunshine, and with a joyous buoyancy of disposition that put a silver covering as well as a silver lining to all clouds. Added to this was a frank, independent spirit that knew no fear, and was, therefore, especially adapted for the life before her.

During the year of courtship that preceded her marriage she had seen her lover almost daily, and had once spent a week at his father's house. All this time he had shown himself in one aspect to her. She saw him full of affectionate kindness for his mother, and remembered happily the old adage, "A good son makes a good husband." At all times, and in all circumstances, he was the

courteous, high-minded gentleman. So we can well imagine her unsuspicious distress when, about three months after the wedding, he came home in a fit of sulks, ate his supper in silence, and went to bed directly afterward.

It was early in the evening, and she sat down by herself in the parlor with a strange aching of the heart that could not have been expressed by words.

"He must be ill," she said; and then vainly tried to think of some kind of illness that would accord with the hearty supper that she had seen him dispose of. There were plenty of ailments that might be supposed to result from such a meal, but none that would be likely to precede and accompany it. Still, as there was no other solution of the puzzle, she repeated again, as a relief to herself, "Yes, he must be ill, of course;" adding, very sensibly, "but not dangerously."

The door-bell rang while she was debating the matter, and the entrance of two young friends, who had come uninvited to spend a social evening with them, was especially welcome to her. Mary was very fond of society, though she cared nothing for fashionable amusements. Her friends came and went as they pleased, always sure of a frank reception whenever they appeared in her house.

"Where is Mr. Stanhope?" was the first inquiry of her guests when they saw he was absent.

"He is not well, I think," she answered. "He came home feeling badly, and he has gone to bed. He will be sorry to have missed seeing you."

"I hope nothing serious is the matter," said one of her visitors, a young man who was a particular friend of Stanhope's. "Would it do for me to run up-stairs and have a look at him?"

Some vague feeling, that she could not account for, made her desirous to hide her husband's new expression of countenance from his friend's eyes.

"He may be asleep," she said, "and it would be best not to awaken him. Call in the morning, Mr. Randolph. If

you were a physician instead of a jeweller, I would admit you to his room at once."

"I hope he is not going to have the fever," said Randolph, incautiously. "There are several new cases on the street where I live. How does he seem?"

Mary turned pale and trembled at this suggestion. Randolph noticed it, and smiled encouragingly as he continued:

"I do not want to frighten you. You can easily tell if he is feverish. He will complain of pain in his back and limbs, and will be able to eat nothing."

"He has no symptoms of the kind," said Mary, with sudden relief. Yet she could not help borrowing a little trouble on his account. What if he were seriously ill?

How long the evening seemed! She strove in vain to forget her anxiety, and to attend to the lively conversation of her young visitors. Randolph, who had regretted speaking of the prevalent fever in the village as soon he saw her alarm, now tried to turn her thoughts into a pleasanter channel.

"I wish you had been in my store, Mrs. Stanhope, about ten o'clock this morning. I think you would have been amused. I had two customers who seemed indifferent to the hard times."

"I have no doubt that your business thrives," answered Mary. "People will sooner spend money for decorations than for bread."

"Ah, but these cases would have appealed to your sympathy; for in each of them there was a desperate need of the adornment. The first was a young man who begged me to select a suitable pair of ear-rings for a lady.

"'You see,' he told me, 'she has come here to attend the concert in Shaw's Hall, and she has left her ear-rings at home. She can't go to the concert without ear-rings.'

"'Certainly not,' I assented.

"'I don't know much about such things,' he continued; 'but you will know about what she wants. Something handsome, but not expensive.'

"Is she a young lady?" I asked, as I led him to the counter where our cheap jewelry is displayed.

"Well, not so very young, perhaps," he replied, doubtfully; 'somewhere near forty, though she does n't own to it.'

"She classes herself among young people then?"

"O yes."

"Then I think she would like these corals. They are certainly handsome; and cheap, also."

"How much?"

"Only a dollar."

"They'll show off well in the evening, and that is the main thing. It's a pity she left hers behind; but it's better to buy new ones than to lose the music."

"I agreed with him that it would be a pity to be deprived of the entertainment for a cause so trifling, and he went off quite delighted with the showy baubles. I met them as I was coming here. They were on the way to the concert, and the ear-rings did 'show off,' as he phrased it. I inferred, too, from his sheepish air, that he was her sweetheart, and was very much ashamed of it. She looked old enough to be his mother."

"There is no harm in that," remarked a young lady, who was Randolph's sister.

"Perhaps not, Kitty; but his taste is questionable."

"I was thinking of her taste, not his. If she prefers a young, handsome fellow to an old man, she only follows an example that is generally set us by your sex. Do not elderly men almost invariably choose young wives?"

"Ah, Kitty," laughed her brother, "Mrs. Stanhope knows that I have no chance of victory in an argument with you. So I shall only tell her about my other customer. He was an Irishman; and he came running in with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his whole person filled with sentiment and poor rum. 'Have ye iver a bit o' a ring for a baby?' he asked, anxiously."

"Yes; any quantity of them."

"Me baby died the day, an' it must have a ring to be buried in, shure."

"What was the matter with the baby?"

"O thin, it were nothing, nothing at all. It just died. An' it must be buried in a ring."

"How old was it?"

"O, the matter o' a wake or two, more or less. It was a month coom Friday."

"Have you a measure of its finger?"

"An' can't we tell if it fits whin we puts it on? Och, but it's the mother is in the throuble, and I says to her 'You jist whist, woman dear, till I brings ye a ring for his purty finger.'"

"But we can not choose the ring if we have no measure."

"Is that so? An' will ye kape the rings safe till I rin home for that same?"

"Having obtained my promise not to sell out my stock for an hour or two, he left, bewailing audibly the loss of his baby. He did not return; but as I passed Potter's saloon, on my way home at noon, I saw him sitting just inside the door, in apparent forgetfulness of his trouble."

Mary laughed with the rest at Randolph's story; but it was evident that her thoughts were absent, and so her guests considerably took their departure. As soon as they were gone, she ran up-stairs quickly to see her husband. He did not speak when she entered the room, and she fancied that he was asleep. She made her own preparations for rest as noiselessly as possible, not even venturing to press the lightest kiss upon his forehead.

"My mother always says that sleep is better than medicine," she said to herself, hopefully, as she laid her head on her pillow. "He is sleeping sweetly; he will be all right in the morning."

With this hope warming her heart, Mary shut her own brown eyes tightly, and was off to the land of Nod, by the night express, before her husband had time to show what manner of spirit he was of. Now, he had confidently expected a burst of anxious inquiries, and had made up his mind to resent all attempts at conversation. He would show her that he was not to be spoken to with

impunity, when he was not disposed to talk. Her outspoken frankness and piquant sayings were very charming when he chose to be pleased, but she must learn when to speak, and when to hold her peace. Her merry fearlessness must be properly toned down. Her behavior must chime with his humor, in whatever mood he chanced to be. And to-night he would give her a hint in the right direction by not replying to her loving questions, and refusing all reponse to her affectionate caresses. In short, he had made up his mind to let her feel his displeasure, although he knew she had done nothing to provoke it. He had not calculated upon her going to sleep contentedly, without any fuss, and he chose to consider her doing so, a grievance.

"She might, at least, have asked if I felt better," he grumbled to himself. "It was provoking enough to hear her laughing in the parlor at Randolph's nonsense, as if there were nothing the matter with me. I wonder if I could go to sleep so indifferently, if she were sick."

He tormented himself awhile in this way, fancying himself too much abused to go to sleep; but the drowsy goddess stole a march on him, and he was soon snoring away as comfortably as if he had gone to bed in an amiable mood.

Mary awoke several times during the night, and each time he was sleeping soundly, with no indications of illness.

"He was tired, poor fellow. Something about the business had gone wrong. I wish I could bear his burdens for him."

It was a silly wish, of course, but not an uncommon one among wives, especially young wives. There is an exuberance of affection in their hearts, which would generally last through life, if their loving fancies were not heartlessly snubbed out of them. Thousands retain the feeling year after year, till the golden wedding is kept like a holy feast of love; but what a stupendous satire are many of the silver weddings, to say nothing of the other numerous festivals that grace the earlier anniversaries of the marriage day!

George Stanhope had not yet been wedded a year, and the first return of the happy day promised to have its cloudy memories. He awoke in the morning, refreshed in body and mind. Mary was standing by the bed-side, smiling brightly. The window-shades were drawn up, and the sunshine, coming in boldly, threw rosy waves of beauty across the pictures on the wall, touching up the faces of the portraits with radiant dimples. It was not in human nature to resist all these cheery influences, and, for the time, the sulks had to succumb to circumstances.

The husband got up and dressed himself in the best possible humor. All the dark surmises and resolutions of the previous night were thrown aside. He was glad, on the whole, to keep his wife in ignorance of the dark side of his character. It seemed a pity, after all, to dim those sweet eyes with unnecessary tears.

Mary never knew how narrowly she had escaped a heart-ache. In her ignorance, she could not even congratulate herself that her day of grace was lengthened out. She watched him with a feeling near akin to worship. He laughed and chatted, whistled and sung, and went down to breakfast in such extraordinary spirits that Mary, laughingly, accused him of pretending illness on the previous evening.

Chloe, the cook, was placing the hot breakfast rolls on the table, and, as she heard Mary's words, she stole a momentary glance at her master's face. Her own countenance was most expressive, and Stanhope colored involuntarily as he met it. Chloe understood all about it. She had been taken from the almshouse when a little orphan child of six years, and had been brought up as a servant by his mother. Her aunt had been in the same family for several years, and had really more to do with Chloe's training than Mrs. Stanhope. The aunt was a jet-black African, with all the quaint habits of thought and expression peculiar to her race; but Chloe was a light mulatto, with curls a little crisp, and lips somewhat prominent, yet scarcely re-

sembling at all the portly aunt who ruled supreme in Mrs. Stanhope's kitchen. They were both faithfully attached to the family, and, when George was married, Chloe made no objection to transferring her services to his house. Mary wondered a little at his mother's pertinacity in securing the place for her, but made no objection when she saw that Stanhope also would be pleased with the arrangement. The true motive did not occur to her, and she would have been greatly astonished if she had been told that Chloe's faithful affection could be depended on to hide the skeleton of the family from outside beholders.

Mary went to the window when her husband left her to go to his office, and watched him with admiring eyes, till he was out of sight. Chloe came up for orders in regard to the dinner, but her mistress was too absorbed in her worship to notice her entrance.

"How noble he is!" she said, in her earnestness, speaking aloud. "There are no petty, mean streaks in his character. He is as near perfection as it is possible for a human creature to be."

"Hi!" ejaculated Chloe, backing out of the room rapidly, before giving expression to her opinion. "Guess Miss Mary 'll have to sing another tune afore long. Unless the Ethiopian have change his black hide for a white one, or the leopard have got rid of his spots, she has something to larn about 'mean streaks' and sich. Poor lamb! It would make me laugh to see her a standing there with her face so bright, and me a-knowing just what Master George is, only my heart aches for her. She 'll find him out directly. I knows all the signs. This is the shortest tantrum he ever had. There 'll be another afore many days. 'Taint half worked off yet. You 'll see. I knows all about him."

Chloe was right. In less than a week he came home in a mood so undeniably cross, that there was no mistaking it for illness. And this time Mary did not escape. He was angry that she did not think him ill, though he had resolved to

silence all her expressions of concern if she did. But she did not offer any. After the bewildering surprise of the first few moments, she understood his condition perfectly. She made no attempt to blind herself or to conciliate him. She poured his tea in silence, with no effort at conversation, but with a strange sense of having been stunned by some calamity. And so the rebuff that he had in readiness for her was changed to a depressed, injured look, more aggravating than outspoken reproaches.

More unbearable, because its injustice admitted of no answer. It gave no clew to the nature of her offense, if offense she had committed. But Mary knew, and he knew, that it was no fault of hers that had so suddenly shadowed the pleasant home.

She kept her place by him in the parlor for two hours, hoping against hope that he would come to his senses and apologize for his conduct. She did not know that sulky people never apologize. He sat immovably in his chair by the table, with the unopened evening papers by his elbow.

Chloe came up, as usual, to bring the keys of the china-closets to her mistress. One glance was enough for her.

"Just as I said," she muttered to herself, as soon as she had closed the door behind her. "The same old devil is in him now, for sure. He 's going it now, full blast. Poor Miss Mary! What 'll she do? Guess she 's about opening her eyes. Old mistress ought to have give her a warning. If he had been *my* boy," said Chloe, indignantly, "I would have gone to Miss Mary and said, 'You poor child, do n't think of having nothing to say to him, for he ain't fit to marry a cross dog.' That 's what mistress ought to have done."

Mary felt as if she were in a horrible dream. All the afternoon she had been practicing a new song for the evening's entertainment, and the music was spread in readiness on the open piano. It was a piece that he had greatly admired on account of its pathos, and she had taken

great pains to render the sentiment correctly. Now the refrain, unconsciously, haunted her:

"She hears no more
The dipping oar
Upon the moonlit sea."

At last the light fairly died out of her face, and she slowly left the room. Upstairs she went, not stopping at her own room, but going on to the attic chambers, where she could be sure of being alone. There she sat down to lament and weep over the idol which had so suddenly turned from gold to clay before her eyes. She scarcely thought of his boorish treatment of herself. That might be forgiven; but who should restore her lost ideal of manly excellence? This was a case in which a fond belief in an agreeable sham was better than a knowledge of the truth. Blindness was happiness, and truth cruel. Besides, there was no need of dispelling the beautiful illusion.

Whether or no a person subject to paroxysms of sulks can hinder the visitations of the demon, is an open question; but no one doubts that Satan should be kept out of sight in the background. If he were honestly resisted he would flee; but, all the same, he enjoys petting. This is, doubtless, a free country, and each individual has a right to choose his own pets, but he has no right to force them upon people whose tastes differ from his own. Now, as Mr. Stanhope had kept his pet hidden during a whole year of courtship, it was clear to Mary that there was no need of letting it loose now to prey upon the holy estate of matrimony. Mary did not go to bed that night. She spent its hours alone; at first striving to re-erect her fallen idol, and to persuade herself that her strong imagination had made the matter worse than it really was. She tried to pity him; to fancy unpleasant business affairs that might excuse him, or vexatious news that had irritated him beyond his strength.

It was a vain effort. She was too clear-sighted to permit the coveted self-deception. She recalled his rude manner, his pouting silence when spoken to, his in-

jured look if left to himself; and her spirit rose in indignant protest against the injustice of his whole demeanor.

She thought of his Christian profession, and of her own also, as she strove against the bitter feeling that arose in her heart. It seemed a mockery to pray, with such emotions of resentment controlling her, and yet she had never so needed the aid of the pitying Father. It seemed impossible to think kindly of one whose unmanly petulance so needlessly degraded him. Her lip curled contemptuously in spite of herself. Do not blame her, for if there is any one thing on earth more ridiculous than a stout, healthy man pouting and scowling over nothing, that one thing has not yet been discovered.

When Mary met her husband at the breakfast table, she was rather relieved than otherwise to find the sulks still in full force. She was not, herself, prepared to resume friendly relations. She glanced across the table at the forbidding face opposite, and handed his coffee without a word. And he, though determined not to converse, felt aggrieved, because she was silent. Every thing she did made him angry, and every thing she did n't do made him yet angrier. It must be owned that poor Mary had a sad life in prospect, if her happiness was to depend upon the moods of her husband.

Chloe, too, had passed a sleepless night. She heard the light step of her mistress as she passed up the stairs, and she knew tolerably well how the long hours had been spent. She would have suffered tortures before she would have shown, by look or word, that she observed the state of things; but her affectionate heart was overflowing with unspoken sympathy. With indignation, too; for Chloe was a shrewd expounder of the rights and wrongs of society.

"Strange, what fools women is!" she commented. "Here's Miss Mary. She had such a pleasant home! Her mother thinks her perfect, and the old gentleman just worships her. The children would run their legs off for her, and the servants think she's too good to live. Could n't

find a happier state to be in without going to heaven. But just as soon as our Master George comes along, Miss Mary loses her senses. Can't understand it. I can say for once," said Chloe, speaking aloud in her excitement, "that I goes in strong for being an old maid. I believes in that, like the 'postle Paul did. He came as near as he could to being one hisself."

Chloe had a vivid remembrance of the misery endured by George Stanhope's mother whenever the dark mood was on him. She had been ready to rejoice with him in all his joys, and to sit in sackcloth and ashes when his brow darkened. The deathless mother-love overlooked the insulting treatment that the wife resented. As soon as the cloud passed, she forgot its shadows.

Mary was of a different disposition. High-minded and unselfish, she could love her husband even better than herself, while she thought him worthy of her affection. But she did not belong to the kind of women who figure so largely in story-books; refined, intellectual women, with a sensitive delicacy that turns instinctively from whatever is coarse or degrading, but are yet able to cling to a rough, brutal nature with loving blindness. She lacked none of the nobler attributes of her sex; but it was necessary that her love should have its foundation in esteem. And she could not respect the dumb, scowling face that filled the whole house with gloom, or delight herself in the touchy shortness of his replies when he was obliged to speak. Sometimes he was simply contrary; that is, he delighted in contradicting whatever opinion she uttered; but oftenest he declined to answer at all, a lugubrious grunt being the sole response to her inquiries.

The most disheartening thing about it was the impossibility of forgetting the clouds when the domestic sky was clear. Nothing could exceed his thoughtful tenderness for her, or his desire to gratify her wishes, when he was in good humor. But remembrance made these attentions distasteful. The love and trust that had

grown out of a happy faith in her husband's nobility of character could not maintain its life when that faith was destroyed. Mary could forgive, but she could not forget.

There were long intervals between his sullen moods. Sometimes months would pass without a symptom of them. These seasons were not unhappy, though they were undertoned with an apprehension of impending trouble. There was always a shadow upon her joy. The domestic sunshine was never quite clear. Mary could not quite accept the present good, because she was ever on the lookout for changes.

At the outset, as soon as she understood the proportions of the family skeleton, Mary made one resolution that many wives might adopt with benefit. She determined that her own life and individuality should not be sacrificed to his moods. It is probable that she would have been far oftener treated to an exhibition of them if this had not been the case. Instead of petting him, or showing that she was disturbed, she just left him alone, and went on with her usual pursuits without any reference to him. After her children were born, she strove especially to keep this resolution for their sake. She saw that their training would come into her hands, and they must not see her needlessly humiliated. There was no drawing away from him, no personal isolation. His comfort was not neglected; he had his favorite dishes well prepared for the table, and he was shielded from any domestic annoyances that might increase his irritation. A weaker woman would have sighed and wept and bemoaned her unhappy condition under his disapprobation. Mary just braced herself to endure it with apparent equanimity. She found out very soon that the sulks lose half their flavor if shorn of the power to make other people miserable. And she was not desirous to make their recurrence seasons of special enjoyment.

So she dressed herself and her children in their prettiest costumes, and joined in

their baby-sports with a zest very provoking to the man who thought her happiness ought to hang upon his. Dark looks and sullen silence were serenely ignored, and the cross pettishness that found vent in words seemed to have no sting, though she inwardly wondered at the ingenuity that could contrive so many bitter expressions. On the whole, she liked the dumb mood the best.

Only one thing assured him that she felt any interest in his condition. The children were kept out of his presence as much as possible, until his face cleared up. Once, in his scolding-mood, he objected to this, and Mary quietly answered:

"There is no other way, George, to bring them up with a proper respect for you."

"Indeed! And you, Mary? Do you mean to imply that you can not respect me?"

"I say nothing about myself. My character is already formed. Outside influences can not now mold it."

"Then you are above being affected by any influence?"

"I do not say that. My temper may be soured or made morose by circumstances. I am only human."

"Indeed!"

Mary went on without noticing the mockery of his tone:

"The children are too young to reason, or to oppose sensible judgment to impulse. Their dispositions are easily hurt. Paul has an intelligence unusual for so young a child, and Ethel's wondering eyes already look the inquiries that she can not put into words. I must shield them, so far as I can, from injurious associations."

"Meaning their father's society, I suppose! Thank you."

Mary's lip trembled. She looked up to him with a touching appeal against his injustice, expressed by the clear eyes that, in his better moods, he thought so beautiful. His face softened, but before he could speak again she gathered up her work, and left the room.

There are many kinds of trouble in

the world that bring no shame with them. Poverty may come in and abide with us; sickness may prostrate our strength or rack us with pain; God may take those we love, and leave us but the precious memories of the dead; but these are trials that can be spoken of, that can be lightened by the sympathy of others. But the wife may suffer untold misery from the cruel treatment of her husband, without any such resource. In the first place, she instinctively hides his faults. Her wifely pride shrinks from the publicity of her wrongs. She can not bear that prying curiosity should examine her hurt. The tenderest sympathy could not touch her wounds lightly enough to soothe the pain. She can "go and tell Jesus," and, if she be a Christian, as Mary was, she will be found very often pouring her sorrows into the pitying ears of the never wearied and always compassionate Redeemer.

In the second place, the universal feeling of the world is against the woman who exposes her husband's weakness. A man is equally despised who complains of his wife. A curious law governs such matters, and, though we may fail to understand it, we all recognize it. And so it happens that many an unhappy home seems to the casual looker-on to be the abode of nothing but peace and blessedness.

Some ideas like these ran through George Stanhope's mind when he was left alone. Mary's words had shamed him into a little wholesome reflection. He could not forget the wistful look that, for the moment, so clearly revealed the wife's sufferings. By a strong effort he shook off the evil influence, and followed Mary to the parlor. She was sitting by the window, looking out listlessly upon the street—her whole attitude expressive of hopeless discouragement. He had never seen her like this, and, indeed, such sinking of the spirits was a new thing in her experience. She did not observe his entrance till he put his hand on her shoulder.

"Poor Mary!" he said, involuntarily.

She looked up and smiled, but her eyes were full of tears.

"O George," she said, "how happy we might be! God is so good to us. He has cast our lot in pleasant places. We have health and sufficient wealth, and there are no prettier or better children in the world than ours. People remark our prosperity. Even my mother, judging us from what appears on the outside, often asks me, earnestly, if I realize how very grateful I should be for my exemption from trials. Poor dear mamma! How little she understands about it! But she does see, George, what might be."

"Mary, do you suppose I do not know that my unfortunate temperament spoils every thing for both of us? and yet it surely makes me more miserable than it does you."

"Needlessly miserable, George. That is the pity of it."

"Do you think I can help it?"

"Perhaps you can not help feeling gloomy at times; but I think you can conquer yourself so as not to be a slave to the feeling. I know that you can keep from tormenting other people with it."

"You know nothing about it. You are naturally hopeful, and you have no conception of the meaning of low spirits."

"During the year before our marriage, I saw you daily. If you had any such visitations, you kept them well in the background, for I never suspected their existence. If you could control yourself then, you can now."

"I had a powerful motive to restrain me then. I wanted to win you, Mary, and a fit of the blues would have repelled you."

"That is true."

"You would not have linked your fate to mine if you had known?"

"Certainly not," she answered, very seriously.

"Well, that is candid, at any rate." His tone showed his vexation. She made no effort to lessen it, but was glad to avail herself of his transient penitence to speak plainly. "Perhaps you regret

our marriage?" he questioned. Strange as it may seem, this thought occurred to him now for the first time.

"It is too late to discuss that question," said Mary. "No woman in her senses would voluntarily put herself in a position where she would be subject to frequent and unmerited humiliation. If, however, she innocently finds herself thus situated, it only remains for her to make the best of her lot. This, God helping me, I try to do."

"Mary," said he, penitently, "if you could understand my disposition, you would have more charity for me."

"Should I? Did you not just tell me that a powerful motive restrained you before we were married? And is the happiness of your wife and children a less powerful motive now? Did your vow to love and cherish me relieve you from all obligation to do so? When we kneel together in family worship during these misanthropic spells, I often wonder what God thinks of us. I feel so ashamed, that I hope no ministering unseen angels are near us. O George! if your love for us is not strong enough to cast out this bad spirit, you do not forget, surely, that you are a member of the Church of Christ."

Mary's voice trembled as she thus spoke out the feelings of her heart. She did not realize the unwonted earnestness of her manner, until she saw its effect on her husband. He was pale with emotion, but whether he were angry or conscience-stricken she could not judge, for he left the room without attempting to reply to her.

But after this conversation a long time passed without any manifestation of sulks. Slight symptoms sometimes showed themselves; a grunt was substituted for an intelligent answer to a question; sometimes an early bed-time contradicted the old proverb,

"Early to bed and early to rise

Will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

These early hours certainly brought none of these promised gifts to him. Least of all did they add to his wisdom.

H. C. GARDNER.

SARAH MARTIN, THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

ABOUT the year 1794, a child was born in a small hamlet near the busy fishing-town of Yarmouth. An orphan before she had completed the first year of her life, no father's care provided for her daily wants; no mother's love or tenderness brightened her life, or shielded her from the rough and thorny paths of life her tender feet were so early obliged to tread; no loving brothers or sisters responded with merry tones to her own; no happy home sheltered her, or cheerful fireside welcomed her when weary and heart-sick; for she was indebted to charity for a home. Small in person and plain in feature, remarkably simple and retiring in manner, she evinced no quickness of perceptions, or unusual powers of mind; but, on the contrary, was considered as rather below the average; and she seemed destined to pass quietly unnoticed through life, and when her humble work was done to lie down, sleep, and be forgotten.

But such was not the will of Providence concerning this apparently one of the very least and feeblest of his sheep; and the name of Sarah Martin is well-known, and, although long dead, her memory is green. She yet speaketh. Meagre as were her early opportunities, at a charity-school she found the best knowledge—she learned to love her Savior. That love brightened her life; that Savior filled the heart he had made so desolate. And while, as respects this world, she was poor and sorrowful, she was yet always rejoicing. That love was so precious to her, she longed to carry it to others. At the age of fourteen, she was apprenticed to a dressmaker, and acquired the trade with an ease and skill which rather surprised her early associates. Daily did she walk the two miles between her poor home and Yarmouth, as, in the words of Scripture, she went forth to her work and her labor until the evening. By diligence in business, she became well-known,

and her services were in requisition among the most fashionable families in Yarmouth.

But her work only occupied her hands; it did not imprison her thoughts, and great thoughts were beginning to form in the mind of the little dressmaker; thoughts which were to alter the whole course of her life, and cause her name to be remembered when those of the gay and fashionable, who wore the garments her skillful fingers formed, have long since been forgotten.

The first few years of Sarah Martin's daily toil, she loved to walk home by the beach, where, refreshed by the sea-breezes and gazing on the mighty waters, she would look from nature up to nature's God.

But when these higher thoughts took possession of her, she was not content (says her biographer) with looking seaward, but varied her walks to the homes of poverty and distress; and to the inmates of the hospital ward, no face as lovely as that of Sarah Martin, the little Yarmouth dressmaker.

The state of the Yarmouth prison at this time was miserable; it was a very ancient building, some centuries of age. Sarah Martin was obliged to pass it every day; oaths and cursing sounded in her ears; her heart was pained; she knew they were left in total neglect; that shocking scenes passed within those prison walls; no blessed Sabbath ever dawned within those dreary precincts. Could nothing be done?

For many years her interest was deep. While at her work, her thoughts were thoughts of 'mercy to these poor prisoners. In 1819, when she was about twenty-five, her interest was quickened into active effort by the imprisonment of a hardened woman for cruelty to her own child. Sarah Martin resolved to see her. She did not mention her intention. She afterward said: "I consulted none but

God; he led me on." She was first repulsed; but a second application was successful.

In her simple way, Sarah Martin talked to this wretched culprit, and, in a voice as melodious as Mrs. Fry, read to her the story of the dying thief. The poor wretch was melted. Sarah visited her until her transportation, she giving decided evidence of piety.

This case demonstrated to Sarah Martin the necessity of prison visitations. She became a constant visitor, conversing kindly and familiarly with the prisoners, reading from the Bible the blessed words of hope and welcome to the lost and weary. She soon made the sacrifice of giving up Sunday morning, her one blessed day of rest, and conducting a religious service in the prison; and as no one else would do it, she afterward added an evening service also. Another sacrifice followed. Although she could ill afford it, she gave up one day a week to the poor prisoners, soliciting from her customers books, food, and articles of comfort. Onward and upward was her motto. Step by step was she led on in her glorious work.

In 1826, upon the death of a relative, she came into possession of a small annuity of fifty or sixty dollars. Her resolution was now taken. She gave up business, and hired two rooms in an obscure street in Yarmouth.

Now commenced her life of trust, her income only paying for her lodging. But hear her own words:

"Whilst engaged in business, I had care for it, and anxiety for the future; but with an end to business an end to care. God, who hath called me into the vineyard, will give me whatsoever is right. I trust him; I leave all with him."

She now commenced a regular systematic course in prison-work; first, employment. Sin, vice, and filth are the necessary results of idleness. She cut out plain sewing for the women, in the course of time introducing knitting, and even in some cases, fancy articles.

She provided a fund, beginning with

two pounds sterling, which, in time, by gifts and the sale of the articles made by the women, increased to five hundred pounds sterling. With the aid of this she began to furnish work for the men—braiding straw hats, fishing-shirts, caps; in later years, owing to her influence, they were taught trades, large quantities of shoes being made in Yarmouth jail.

To Sarah Martin belongs the honor of being the first to suggest the introduction of trades in places of public punishment. She early established an elementary school; her pupils varied in age from the youthful culprit to the aged sinner whose gray hairs were not found in the ways of righteousness, but receiving the wages of sin; hands dyed in guilt, for the first time held the pen, while all every day committed a portion of Scripture.

Says her biographer: "Without entering into, or perhaps understanding fully, the theme of prison reform, she had put into practice every one of those measures which the most eminent authorities agree in considering desirable. All this without means, counsel, education, or influence. Her nature was most sympathetic; her voice, as we have said, very sweet. She possessed the power of controlling the most turbulent and vicious. What the stern official could not do, with irons and chains, Sarah Martin accomplished by persuasion. She records the fact among her notes that she never found a prisoner obstinate in his opposition to her plans, or long indifferent to her wishes. She provided employment for the prisoners after their discharge, affectionately seeking their welfare, giving many an hour to their comfort and benefit, to enable them to take an honest place in the world. She was most tenderly remembered by these, and many of them kept up a correspondence with her until the close of her life. And of the kind attentions which soothed her dying bed, those of the poor prisoners were the most welcome to the sufferer.

She also established a school in the work-house, the scene of her first philanthropic efforts; and likewise devoted two

evenings a week to the instruction of a class for factory-girls, which she managed with great success.

Her ready activity and enthusiasm were contagious. The little dressmaker became known, loved, and honored.

The rich esteemed her as a welcome guest; the poor loved her as a friend; the town looked upon her as a public benefactress.

But the noble spirit was too great for the frail tenement. Her fragile body became more and more frail. Her laborious labors were beginning to tell upon her.

Toward the close of 1842, her health was manifestly failing, but she continued her work until 1843. In the Spring of that year she was obliged to relinquish it forever, and lie down on a bed of weakness and pain. Her agony, at times, was very great; but, during hours of rest, she was full of praise. She had been in the habit of composing hymns, which have since been published. We will quote a verse from her very last as expressive of her happy, peaceful state:

"I seem to be
So near the heavenly portals bright;
I catch the rays that fall
From heaven's own light."

Every attention was bestowed upon her. Choice fruits and dainties to tempt

her failing appetite; the flowers she most loved filled her chamber with their sweet perfume; kind friends watched that dying bed. As the sun was rising on a beautiful October Sabbath, as the bells of the great Cathedral were chiming their welcome to that blessed day, her attendant told her that the hour of her departure had come.

"Thank God! thank God!" she exclaimed; and with these words of praise on her lips, passed into the immediate presence of that Savior she had so much loved and honored, October 15, 1843.

Every honor was paid to her memory. While she had not a relative in the world, the great Cathedral of Yarmouth was crowded with all classes of society, when the remains of the little dressmaker were carried to the tomb. The prisoners, with the officers, followed in a body, as also did the Civic Council of Yarmouth, who passed most eulogistic resolutions, accounting her a public loss to that city. They have since caused all her notes, journals, and statistics, to be bound, and placed in the Public Library of Yarmouth.

"Them that honor me I will honor, saith the Lord." "Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters." MARIA KEEP.

JACOB AT THE BROOK JABBOK.

WHENCE came that soul-darkness which caused Jacob to spend a whole night in weeping and in supplications and wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant? That long night of deep travail of soul has been attributed by some to a deep consciousness of sin, not yet forgiven, in supplanting his brother Esau in the matter of the birthright, and in obtaining, by fraud, the blessing of his father Isaac. We do not think so. As

to the birthright, Esau failed to prize it as he should, and he parted with it of his own accord. Isaac's blessing Jacob regarded as belonging rightly to himself, as the birthright was now his, and as it had been foretold to Rebecca that this was God's will. In saying to Isaac, "I am Esau, thy first-born," did he not regard himself as Esau, so far as the rights of the first-born, which he had bought, were concerned? Evidently Jacob had

an overwhelming idea of the value of being regarded the first-born, and thus to inherit (and transmit to his own posterity) the blessings God had promised to Abraham and Isaac and his seed. If he took exceptional methods to cause Isaac to do what it was evident it was God's will should be done, and which Isaac was hesitating to do (because of his fleshly nature's love of the venison of Esau), and if wrong was here done, did not the wrong attach to Rebecca, the mother, rather than to Jacob, the son? At all events, on that glorious night when he saw, in a dream, the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, was not Jacob pre-eminently enjoying God's favor? What a high mark of God's favor is shown in the language of 13th, 14th, and 15th verses of Genesis xxviii! And so, all along the time he sojourned with Laban, did not the blessings of God fall continuously upon him?

But Jacob is now by the brook Jabbok. He has heard that Esau, with four hundred men, is coming to meet him. He thinks of his wives and of his children; of his men servants and women servants, and of his herds and of his flocks; and his faith staggers at the imminent danger which threatens them all. Although the journey he was taking was in obedience to God's command, "Arise: get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred;" and although, when he had started on his way, "the angels of God met him," and he should have believed that God was his "shield and his exceeding great reward," yet he becomes "greatly afraid and distressed." That night of awful agony and wrestling, was it not similar to Christ's agony in the Garden of Gethsemane? Was it not caused, in both instances, not by any consciousness of personal sin or transgression, but by a sense of the weakness of human nature? And have not all of God's children experienced just that sense of weakness, and of earthly emptiness and nothingness, just before experiencing a glorious and complete resurrection into "newness of life?" When

any of us, in God's infinite mercy, have been permitted to come out of such darkness—even out of "the valley and shadow of death"—do we not all feel that a "new name" or nature has been given us? that out of weakness strength has come? and that "old things are passed away and behold all things have become new?"

Jacob was a supplanter. But the supplanting was a putting of heavenly mindedness in place of worldly mindedness; it was the putting of a spiritual life in place of a fleshly life; it was the putting of one who "hungered and thirsted after righteousness" in the place of one who despised the glorious birthright of inheriting the promises of righteousness and true holiness.

"Esau and Jacob" are types of what should take place in us all. As St. Paul describes it, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. . . . Howbeit that was not *first* which was spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

The word Esau means "he that does;" and it may be regarded also as the type of such Jewish Christians as try to save themselves by their "doings," or by their own good works. While Jacob (in his new name Israel) is the type of all those who say: "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me," and who realize in their own blessed experience the truth of our Savior's words, "Without me ye can do nothing."

"Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but can not see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee.
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

'Tis Love! 't is Love! thou diedst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart.
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, universal Love thou art.
 To me, to all, thy mercies move;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt till life's short journey end.
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend;
 Nor have I power from thee to move—
 Thy nature and thy name is Love."

B. F. SANFORD.

GLIMPSES OF A SWISS VILLAGE.

A COUNTRY village in Switzerland is a wholly different affair from a country village in America. It is only a group of the homes of the farmers, or rather of the peasants, who, with their wives, sons, and daughters, till the land for a half-hour's walk in every direction around said village. The name peasant is preferable to that of farmer. A well-to-do peasant may keep a head-workman living in the basement or in one end of his house, and this latter goes by the name of farmer.

A Swiss village has its ancient and honorable families, that are looked upon with a kind of awe by the simpler and poorer classes; but they are still tillers of the soil, as their fathers were, and it would be difficult to imagine a life simpler than they lead. It has its bakers, shoemakers, and barbers; but these, in harvest-time, or in any press, all turn out to field-labor and garnering. It has its store and grocery, or both in one; but it generally would take a skilled detector to find it. It is not a little house thrown up for that special purpose in the center of the village, and covered with signs and advertisements. One generally has to know the village in order to find the store. If directed to it, he will disbelieve his informers on all sides, and pass it and re-pass it, until he is sure that all the lookers-on are laughing at him, and remarking that there is a piece of stupidity that will have to be led thither by the nose. He begins to have a humble opinion of Yankee sharpness.

The store is generally kept by some

well-to-do widow, who has taken one of her rooms and fitted it up with simple shelves. It would be no uncommon occurrence if it had to be reached by passing through the barn and the kitchen. If a load of hay happens to be occupying the barn-floor, the customer must pass around through a gate in a high wall into the garden, and thence, by the kitchen, enter the grocery.

THE STREETS

are narrow, almost too narrow to allow of two teams passing. The houses are, almost without exception, built against the street, or, at least, the barn-end of them, which is the larger, comes against the street. No one loses land by giving an alley to reach a barn. In the mountain-side villages, the streets may vie for gloominess with any back alley of a filthy city—so narrow, so sunless, such high, dingy walls, lower stories so unoccupied, and attached to the second by such old, worn, narrow, black stairs. One feels a chill to see the poorly clad children peer at him from the broken windows and black niches, or hears the clatter of their wooden shoes over the round stone pavement. But at the same time, the village may have but one street, and a chance space between two houses may give a view fit for a king's palace—a mountain, lake, and valley picture that might seem like a glimpse from earth, through a cloud-break, into paradise.

The barn is the important part of the house, and both are generally under one roof. It must be where it can be filled

and emptied from the street. It must be where the cattle, sheep, goats, and horses can be led directly in and out from the street. The dwelling-part stands back, and occupies very little of a great house.

The *fumier*—smoke heap—made up of all the refuse of straw, hay, and the clearing of the stables, is only second in importance to the barn, and hence is also placed directly by the side of the house, or opposite to it, on the other side of the narrow street. It is, to be sure, an ornament to look at, an inexhaustible perfume, which smokes up interestingly in the morning, and one which has never struck a discordant note in the æsthetical sense of the Swiss peasant; indeed, it is regarded as a source of health in the atmosphere.

A quiet, well-known author is living in a Swiss village, on an inherited farm, and in the old farm-house, with barn under the same roof, with the *fumier* opposite, draining directly across the street toward the gate, that leads into the small yard, that leads to the only corner of the dwelling-part that can be seen from the street. One would suppose that the house afforded scarcely room enough for the simplest needs of the smallest family. But they receive frequent visits from the *literati* of the surrounding cities, and, in fact, have room enough; for, after passing through a hall, one steps out on to a veranda, backed by a long suite of rooms that look out over a terraced garden, and, beyond this, over a deep, beautiful valley, and a several-miled space between them and Lake Geneva's matchless sheet, and then takes in the Savoyan Alps on the other side. So, although the front view of this abode is next to wretched, and really shocking to a refined taste, the back abode and view is, to an equal degree, charming.

One gets here a delightful impress of family seclusion, the having of things beautiful for their own eyes and pleasure, which is certainly praiseworthy if it were not almost every-where evident that there was an equal effort to hide it all, for fear some one outside of the circle

should get a wee bit of enjoyment of it. This fact mingles with our impression another one of a selfishness that is almost heart-sickening.

If all beauty is not hidden from the public eye by the position of the house, it is surrounded by a solid, high, moldy wall, that completely shuts out all possibility of its contributing to the general happiness of the world.

The doing of any thing for any body with real pleasure, just to see them made more comfortable and happy, or from a really religious sense of duty, is something seldom seen here. It may sometimes be thought that we, as a nation and as individuals, do too much for other people's eyes, to the exclusion of family comfort and well-being; but that fault, mingled with the much doing of kindnesses to fellow-beings around, is less to be deplored than this almost unmingled thinking of self. If we could learn a lesson from them, and they, in turn, one from us, there would be much more of a millennial atmosphere in both countries.

APPEARANCE OF HOUSES.

A Swiss farm-house is *sui generis*. If not quite modern in Swiss style, it is always picturesque in one sense, but ugly in another, even when fresh and new. It is coarse and rough in wall, and coarse and rough in roof. The solid and thick walls are built for ages—for father, sons, and grandsons—each inhabitant glorying in it according to its age. In building it, if some small corner or archway of some old monastery or convent wall, that stood a few hundred years back, can be preserved and built upon, this corner or arch is the chief glory of the edifice. The houses are very irregular in shape, and, with the upper corner of their gable-ends cut off, resemble an elephant's back in contour.

The windows of the ancient Swiss houses really beggar description. Many of them could be better imagined if they were called air-holes, or, better still, light-holes, since the people here think much less of fresh air in their houses than we.

In the greater number of the houses there is no regularity or symmetry, either in the form of their houses, or in the number, position, or shape of their windows. It would be difficult to recall to mind all the different large and small windows, or light-holes, that may be seen in one small village. Perhaps there will be one great end of a building (probably a barn-side) without scarcely a break in the wall, save a pentagonal orifice or two, high under the roof. Perhaps an immense gable-end will have one-half of that gable-end without an opening, while the other half may have one, two, three, four, or five, and not two of these of the same size or shape, or placed in reference to each other. Some are square, large, or small; some are long in length, some long in width, and some are three-cornered. All have a solid wooden shutter or shutters, opening up or out, according as the hinge is placed—vertically or horizontally. In fact, this irregularity goes so far as to be laughable in the extreme. One would say that the houses were built with one window (as one is generally larger than any of the rest), and that after that each one punched a hole through according to his fancy, and then fitted glass and shutter to its chance shape.

THE KITCHEN,

if not the first room entered, as a passage to the others, is the first passed in going to others. It is almost invariably a dark, if not a black, uninviting looking place, even to do the roughest of work in; a stone or plaster floor that changes aspect very little in being scrubbed—a process that it is not very familiar with. The walls are yellow or black with age and smoke, without the neatest and cleanliest housewife's ever thinking of such a thing as a whitewashing. An even half-tidy American housewife would feel as if she would go crazy, if doomed to deal with a Swiss cooking-stove in a Swiss village kitchen. It would be interesting to see what a revolution she would make there in a week's time, in turning out, upsetting,

scrubbing, and whitening. The practice of putting the kitchen by the entrance-door is common even in the cities and in modern houses. In passing an elegant habitation, it is not uncommon to see into the kitchen, either on the ground or second floor—shelves and hooks covered with generally clean and bright-looking kitchen utensils; and, in the case of its being on the second floor, one may see the elegantly embroidered curtains of St. Gall of the parlor right beside the kitchen display.

The church of a Swiss village is always more or less picturesque and interesting. It is generally a more or less imposing edifice, no matter how small, and is a relic of Catholic rule and Catholic faith. It generally occupies the dominant height of the whole village, has a cathedral air, and is awe-inspiring within and without, from its age. It tells stories centuries long; it reflects faces and echoes voices that have not been heard in the streets for hundreds of years.

THE FOUNTAINS

are one of the charms of these villages. They are built up in a more or less monumental style, with an immense stone basin, holding from one or two to twenty barrels or more. From the side of the one-spouted basin, and from the center of the two or four-spouted one, rises a stone column, often highly ornamented at the top, and from its spouts pour forth abundant streams of crystal-pure, cold, mountain water night and day. Often may be seen one, two, or a dozen washer-women by the basin's side wringing out their clothes. There may be three, four, or five of these water sources in a village, according to its size and the ease or difficulty of bringing thither the water. The dates cut in these stone basins often date back far in 1700, and they also often bear names of honored rulers of the past.

Withal, life here is so tranquil, so unexciting, and so surrounded by God's choicest handiwork, ever-varying beauty above, below, and around, that one is sat-

isfied to live and forget railroads, steamboats, noisy mills, the turmoils of commerce and politics, and even the newspapers. And no one can wonder that a Swiss should be home-sick anywhere

else in the wide, wide world, and long for his home among the rocks of the Alpine mountains, the blue lakes, and the green valleys of the Alps and the Juras.

CORA A. LACROIX.

A NATION BORN IN A DAY.

THE late visit of David Kalakaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, to our shores, revives somewhat a former interest in his kingdom; brings to mind, especially, the wonderful story of the recent redemption of that kingdom, through the agency of Christian missions, from a condition of abject heathenism to one of comparatively high and hopeful civilization. Meantime the evidence afforded in connection with this history of a new and truly apostolic Pentecost of Christian salvation; this manifest birth into the eternal life of thousands of perishing souls; this wholesale establishment of the reign of Christ upon the ruins of savage fetishism; this permanent exchange of the cannibal's war-whoop for the songs of Zion; the erection of the altars of redemption where once smoked the sacrifices and writhed the victims of fierce idolaters; the translation of uncounted homes from beastly wretched dens into nurseries of virtue, happiness, and heaven,—a recurrence, just at this time, to these modern fruits of Gospel activity can not but tend greatly to strengthen the hands, and to refresh the faith, of the Church.

On the upper right-hand side of the map of Oceanica, the reader will observe a group of seven or eight islands stretching along to the north-west, known as the Hawaiian group—the pride of the Polynesian Archipelago. The largest of these, and the one which gives name to this group, Hawaii, contains four thousand square miles. At the time of their discovery—now nearly a century ago—the

population of these islands was roughly estimated at four hundred thousand. Of the whole group, in 1872, the population was fifty-six thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven. This tide of depopulation, it is said, has now ceased, and a period of increased prosperity is at length opening up before this people. These islands, evidently of volcanic origin, are exceedingly mountainous, and hence but ill adapted to the purposes of agriculture. The climate, like that of all tropical regions, is genial, equable, and salubrious; their temperature, indeed, being so even, and the atmosphere so sweet and balmy, as to give them a perpetual Summer.

Nothing is positively known concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of these islands. Ethnologists and geographers find not a little difficulty in accounting for the peopling of the group, so remote from the continents, and, withal, so distant from those southern islands with which, by affinity of language, customs, and religion, they would seem to be united. As, however, trees from either the American or Asiatic coasts, and Japanese junks, have often fallen on these shores, there would seem to be no great difficulty in conceiving of the advent of the ancestors of this race upon these islands, even without much, if any, knowledge of navigation.

Tradition represents the Hawaiian race as having sprung from two original occupants of the islands—Kahico (the ancient) and his wife Ku-pu-la-na-hau—and a somewhat later emigrant, Ku-ka-lani-e-hu and his wife Ka-ha-ka-ana-go-ko.

Wakea, the son of the former, and Papa, the daughter of the latter, became the progenitors of the Hawaiian race. Papa, the wife, was considered the goddess, and Wakea, the husband, as the patriarch of the whole tribe.

The honor of having brought these islands to the knowledge of the civilized world, and of having introduced civilized man to the pagan generation that immediately preceded the introduction of Christianity there, belongs to the celebrated English navigator, Captain Cook, who, having been sent into the Pacific on a voyage of discovery, under the patronage of the Earl of Sandwich, discovered the leeward part of the group, January 18, 1778. From Waimea, a little village on the southern shore of Kani, the most north-western of the islands, he coasted along, visiting all the islands in order, until he came to Hawaii, where he finally cast anchor in the beautiful Bay of Kealakekua. Captain Cook was received with great respect by the natives; was even worshiped by them as a god. His course toward them, however, we are told, was such as not unnaturally to invite the violent and untimely end to which he, with several of his crew, came, at Kealakekua Bay. On the heights of Kaualoa the dead bodies of the latter were burned—an impressive illustration of the visitation of God for the gross abuse of invaluable opportunities.

At the time of the discovery of these islands by Captain Cook, each island had its own independent ruler—Kalaniopnu being the King of Hawaii. The latter was soon succeeded by his warrior son, Kiwaleo, King of one section of this island, and his nephew, Kamehameha, who, as Kamehameha I, was subsequently to give his name to the ruling house and a long line of princes, as ruler of the other portion. These two royal cousins it seems could not long agree. Each jealous of the power of the other, they soon became rival chiefs, and, in a pitched battle, on a desperately contested field, Kamehameha succeeded in slaying Kiwaleo and capturing his

whole family. He at once married the captive daughter of his fallen rival, Keopuolani, and withal betrothed himself to the beautiful Keahumanu, the sister of the same, a woman of great power of character, and who was subsequently to play a most important part in the evangelization of the Sandwich Islands. Flushed with this success, Kamehameha now conceives, and proceeds at once to execute, the bold project of making himself master of the whole group. In 1819, this most powerful, intelligent, and successful chieftain died, the undisputed sovereign of all the Sandwich Islands—a man however as bloodthirsty and warlike as energetic and ambitious, and whose reign of thirty-five years was marked by a series of depopulating wars and a cordial devotion to the nation's darkest and bloodiest superstitions.

This group of islands was now, for the first time, consolidated into one kingdom; yet how dark and dreary still, intellectually and morally, were the shores of Hawaii! Truly, darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people. Ancient Sodom was hardly more effectually debauched. Dr. Anderson says they were a nation of "thieves, drunkards, and debauchees." Their priests were but little better than wholesale butchers, licensed murderers of their fellow-men; while, as it regards the great bulk of the population, the degradation, wretchedness, and vileness ascribed by Paul to the heathen, or by the Old Testament writers to the Canaanites, or the antediluvian banditti, might most appropriately be also applied to them. Could such a nation as this be redeemed, lifted from this slough of debauchery, from this abyss of ignorance, sensuality, and superstition, and hopefully, permanently civilized?

In the early part of the present century, simultaneously with the first impulses of foreign missionary feeling in America, a poor, obscure Hawaiian boy, Henry Obookiah, who had in some manner found his way to this country, was discovered in the city of New Haven. Having arrested

the attention of certain religious students in that city, the latter offered to teach and otherwise to assist him. He gratefully accepted these kind offices, and, after a few years, gave evidence not only of proficiency in his studies, but of having found a Redeeming Friend and a Heavenly Father.

Acquaintance with this tawny youth, and his readiness to avail himself of Christian instruction, directed the attention of the friends of Christ to the spiritual needs of the nation he represented, and enkindled the not unreasonable hope that suitable efforts to enlighten and evangelize the same might not prove altogether unavailing. On the 29th of September, 1819, some three years after the advent of the aforesaid Hawaiian orphan upon our shores—who in the mean time had died a happy Christian death, the first fruits of Hawaii redeemed—Rev. Messrs. Bingham and Thurston, recent graduates of Andover, whose hearts had long been warmly imbued with the rising missionary spirit, and who just at this time felt a strong impulse to become pioneers in the glorious enterprise of spreading the Gospel among the benighted portions of the Pacific isles, offered themselves to this end to the American Board. They were readily accepted, and were, soon after, solemnly set apart to the work of this ministry, at Goshen, Conn. Two weeks later, these missionaries had assembled in Boston to receive their instructions, and to embark. They sailed October 23d. Previous to their embarkation they stood together with their friends on the wharf, and sang: "When shall we all meet again?"

Early in the morning, March 30, 1820, the long-looked-for shores of Hawaii appeared in the west, the lofty Mauna Kea lifting its snow-crowned summit above the dark masses of cloud that begirt its waist, and rising no less than sixteen thousand feet into the sky. As they approach the northern extremity of the island, the missionaries gaze successively on verdant hills, deep ravines, the habitations of the islanders, the rising col-

umns of smoke, the streams, cascades, trees, vestiges of volcanic agency, and, finally, on the more special objects of their solicitude, the islanders themselves, moving along the shore. What wonder that, animated by the novel and changeable scene, they burned to spring on shore, shake hands with the natives, and begin at once to proclaim to them the great salvation by Jesus Christ. On the 31st of March, a considerable number of the natives came off to the vessel to dispose of their little articles of barter, and to take a look at the strangers. Their maneuvers in their canoes attracted the attention of the latter, and, for a moment, gratified curiosity; but the appearance of destitution and barbarism among the chattering and almost naked savages was little short of appalling. Some of the missionaries, with gushing tears, turned away; others, however, with firmer nerve, continued their gaze, but were ready to exclaim: "Can these be human beings? Can these ever be civilized—redeemed?"

Meanwhile how wonderful the preparation made for the advent of these missionaries! Not unnaturally, the latter had expected to find the old King still ruling with despotic power and in the interest of idolatry; expected to see the old temples still standing, to witness the baleful effects of idolatrous rites; to be shocked by day with the sight of human sacrifices, and to be alarmed at night by the outcries of devoted victims. They expected to encounter a long and dangerous opposition from the powerful priesthood of paganism. They expected to hear the yells of savage warfare, and to witness many a bloody battle, before idolatry would be overthrown and the peaceful religion of Jesus Christ established in its stead. Imagine, then, their surprise on learning, with the first tidings that came to them from the shore, not only that the old King, Kamehameha, was dead, but that idolatry itself was no more; that, for some reason, the successor of the late King had renounced the national superstitions, destroyed the idols, burned

the temples, abolished the priesthood, put an end to sacrifices, swept away the taboos, and suppressed a rebellion which had arisen in consequence of these high-handed measures; so that now the nation, without a religion, was waiting, as it would seem, for the Law of Jehovah! Most astonishing change indeed! By a single stroke, as it were, of the arm of Jehovah, all the idols and temples of Hawaii are destroyed. The priesthood have forever deserted their altars of abomination, and, in a single day, lost their proud and tyrannical pre-eminence. The spell of diabolical enchantment is broken, and the inveterate customs of three thousand years are utterly abolished. And thus—not indeed from any religious motive, much less from any influence of Christianity, but simply because of a growing impatience of the tyrannies of the priesthood, and of the annoying and senseless restraints imposed on them by the ordinances of their religion, called taboos; in many instances, no doubt, simply from a desire to be more free in the indulgence of their baser appetites and passions—was accomplished, at once, and without any foreign aid, at the Sandwich Islands, what, at the Society Islands, had cost the labors and sacrifices of at least fifteen years.

Concerning this remarkable revolution, another has well said: "The establishment, long continuance, the bold infraction, and final destruction, of this bloody system of idolatry must continue to be matters of wonder when Christianity shall triumph over superstition in every land." Nay, who can fail, in this truly unexampled event, to see the hand of God, paving the way, by this summary and wholesale destruction of a religion, of custom, ceremony, absurdity, and cruelty, for the introduction of one of conscience, reason, vital power, and love? No; not simply a happy coincidence was it that, just at this remarkable conjuncture, a vessel heaves in view, bearing in her bosom a company of men and women, coming thither expressly to enter this open door, and, on the ruins of these tem-

ples and altars of idolatry, to erect the banner of the Prince of Peace.

On the morning of the 4th of April, one hundred and sixty-three days from Boston, the missionary ship came to anchor off the village of Kailua—a large heathen village of thatched huts, and important as being the residence of the King. As the missionaries proceeded to the shore, the multitudinous shouting and almost naked natives, of every age, sex, and rank, swimming, floating on surf-boats, sailing in canoes, sitting, lounging, running like sheep, dancing or laboring on shore, exhibited most impressively the darkness of the land which they had come to enlighten—a land as benighted as if the riches of salvation and the light of heavenly glory had never been revealed.

Conducted to the King, whom they found in his dingy, unfurnished, thatched habitation, they made known the kind wishes of the American Board and its friends, and asked permission to settle in his country for the purpose of teaching the nation Christianity, literature, and the arts. The King, having but recently abolished the rites of one religion, very naturally was in no haste to come under the restraints of another. How little this single-handed missionary company suspected at this time that, in a very few years (1837), on this very spot was to rise a large stone church, with its high galleries, shingled roof, lofty steeple, and bell, thus giving to the place where the mission first landed a pleasing and important feature of a Christian New England village!

Leaving a missionary or two at this point, the remainder of the company sailed for Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, then, though the principal seaport of the group, and destined soon after to become the residence of the King and the capital of his kingdom, only a miserable, straggling village of grass hovels. Early in the morning this island rises to their view, presenting in turn, as they approach, its pointed mountains, covered with trees and shrubbery; its well-

marked, extinguished craters, near the shores; its grass-covered hills, and more fertile valleys; its dingy, thatched villages; its cocoanut-groves, its forts, its harbors, and finally, its throngs of swarthy inhabitants.

Casting anchor in the excellent roadstead abreast of Honolulu, the missionaries disembarked, paid their respects to the authorities, made known the object of their mission, and, in the name of the Lord, proceeded to set up their banners. Passing through the village, Mr. Bingham, early one morning, extended his tour of exploration to the top of "Punch-Bowl" hill, so-called—an extinguished crater, whose base bounds the north-east part of the town. From the highest part of this truncated cone, the missionary had a very commanding and picturesque view of the village and valley of Honolulu, the harbor, ocean, and the principal mountains of the island. It was as if, from some Pisgah, he viewed the Promised Land, with all a Moses's earnest desire; but, happily, without his forbidden hope of entering it, to exterminate its pollutions, and to establish therein the spiritual seed of Abraham. But not only on account of its novelty, natural scenery, volcanic character, its commercial importance, its peculiar location in the midst of the Pacific, and its distance from all the palaces of Zion, was this scene interesting to the missionary; but chiefly because it was the dwelling-place of thousands of heathen, to whom he had been commissioned to offer salvation. Hitherto, for ages, this land had been the battle-ground of successive pagan bands. Is it now to become the scene of a bloodless conquest for Christ, where his ignorant, debased, rebellious, and dying foes are to be instructed, elevated, reconciled to God, and saved? In that hour little could that missionary realize that, in the comparative brief period of twenty-five years, the present village of huts is to give way to a city of civilized dwellings; that, through the humble agency of a Protestant mission, within a few furlongs of the place where he then

stood, a church, with a capacity for twenty-five hundred people, was to be erected, and that at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, borne by the native Christians alone; that thousands of copies of the Bible were to be given to the people, and that schools and Churches were to be established all over the islands.

The patience and labor necessary to master an unwritten and barbarous tongue, to create a literature, to instruct the natives, to persuade the latter to abandon their depraved and filthy habits and come to Christ; the inconveniences connected with living for some time in dismal, filthy, thatched structures, without floor, ceilings, partitions, windows, or furniture; the annoyances and perils to which the missionaries were subjected in consequence of the thieving, lying, licentious, and bloody propensities of the natives; the toils and exposures incurred in their long and laborious journeys by land and sea,—these may, perhaps, be imagined. Our space does not admit of their description.

Preaching was at once begun by means of an interpreter. After eighteen months the first church—a small, frail, thatched building (fifty-four by twenty-one feet) was built at Honolulu. In August, the third year of the mission, religious worship began to be conducted exclusively in the Hawaiian tongue. The first Christian marriage was celebrated about the same time. Early in the year following, Christian funerals were introduced—one of the first being that of the young sister of the King, over whose closing grave the missionary endeavored to plant, in the minds of the beholders, the thought that this was the resting-place of the lifeless body until the morning of the resurrection. The first person that seemed to give any evidence of Christian conversion was an old chief named Holo, during the second year of the mission. The first to be baptized and taken into the Church, and to die in the peace and hope of the Gospel, was the queen-mother Keopuolani—a woman of remarkable parts—the daughter of a race of kings,

and the wife and mother of two. Her last words were, "It is not dark now."

King Liholiho, Kamehameha II, son of Keopuolani, never professed religion, though he seemed always friendly to the mission. After a brief reign he died, while on a visit with his Queen to England. Keahumanu, his successor, as King-regent, after a severe and protracted struggle, embraced Christianity, and ever thereafter, by precept and example, was a tower of strength to the mission cause. He reigned nine years, and was followed, in 1832, by Kau-i-ke-a-ou-li, brother of the preceding, as Kamehameha III. He was succeeded by his son, Alexander Liholiho, as Kamehameha IV. The latter died suddenly November 30, 1863. His Queen, Emma Rooker, who, it will be recollected, visited this country some years ago—and who, by the way, is said to have New England as well as English blood in her veins—still survives him. The brother of the foregoing became Kamehameha V. He did not live to wear long the honors of royalty. Dying childless, he was succeeded by a finely educated, extensively traveled, but thoroughly dissipated young man, William Lunalilo. His career was brief. His successor is the present incumbent of the throne—David Kalakaua, who has of late been enjoying the hospitalities of this nation. Kamehameha reigned until 1854, and was distinguished for his eminent services to the mission enterprise, and especially for giving his people a constitutional form of government. Doctor Anderson questions whether he ever cordially embraced Christianity; yet, when but a mere youth,

VOL. XXXV.—27.

he made the consecration prayer, in connection with the dedicatory ceremonies of a church.

The most powerful and sweeping revivals ever known in the Sandwich Islands occurred in the years 1837-8-9 and '40—no less than 19,000 natives having been brought into the Church during those four years. At the present time there are in the Islands about sixty Churches, all under native Hawaiian pastors, with a membership of more than 50,000 souls, out of a population of, say, 130,000. Not, in this connection, to enter further into the detail of these missionary labors, suffice it to say they have been crowned with a success exceeding the most sanguine expectations. Not only have the Sandwich Islands long been recognized as a civilized nation, but their Churches have long been independent of the American Missionary Board. Nay, not only are their Churches now self-sustaining, but thousands of dollars are annually raised by them to send their own sons and daughters to preach the Gospel to the as yet unconverted races of that vast island-world.

In 1870, the Sandwich Islands Christians celebrated the Semi-centennial Anniversary of the establishment of Christian missions among them. It marked the consummation of one of the most remarkable triumphs of the Gospel among the heathen ever recorded, and was intended to express the heart-felt thanksgiving of that people for their effectual redemption from the rudest barbarism to the culture, civilization, and power, that is born of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

R. H. HOWARD.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

CHAPTER V.

FROM the time that I made myself master of all working days, the housekeeping had regained a little of ease and comfort. We were now able to leave our under-ground den and move into the old lodgings. The furniture which we had been obliged to sell, after the death of my father, had been replaced. We were decidedly floating above the waves, and the neighbors treated us already as if we belonged to the moneyed aristocracy.

All went well until the sad moment when my mother began to complain of her sight, which had failed little by little, without the dear woman taking much notice or care, or, rather, without her being willing to acknowledge the loss even to herself. There had always been some kind of reason for the change. To-day it was the smoke, on the morrow the fog, the day following a cold in the head. It was, accordingly, nearly ten years after the first adverse symptom when she decided to take care of her eyes. She could no longer well distinguish the household articles, and had been compelled, some time previous, to give up the sewing and housekeeping for the old geographer. Maurice, with whom I took counsel, proposed to me that I should consult an oculist for whom he had worked, and with whom he was somewhat acquainted. They had great trouble in persuading my mother, who, having never in her life been really ill, had no faith in doctors. At length, however, by over-urging, she yielded the point to us.

The oculist was a man of middle age, tall, meagre, and grandly solemn. He examined my mother's eyes, and, without speaking, wrote a prescription, which he handed to me. I would have been well pleased if he had said one reassuring word. But others waited their turn, and I dared not ask; so we parted from

him, as we had come, in silence. However, when outside the door, I perceived that Maurice had not followed us. More familiar with the oculist than myself, he had, without doubt, delayed for the purpose of questioning him. We waited for some minutes at the foot of the staircase, where he at length rejoined us.

"Ah, well! what said your charlatan?" demanded my mother, who could not pardon the doctor for his cold silence.

"He orders you to eat from a good roast at discretion, and to sleep on your two ears," replied Maurice.

"But is he sure of curing her?" asked I.

"Has he not told thee in that paper?" replied the mason.

"Here it is."

"Then do what is written above, and let the water run as it chooses under the Pont Neuf."

The accent of Maurice had something so sharp in it that it struck me painfully; yet I could say nothing on the instant. He took the arm of the dear woman, to whom he related a hundred adventures during the walk. Never had I seen him so excited and full of life. Nevertheless, a time came when I was able to draw him aside to learn that of which I wished to speak.

"I also desire it," as if understanding my unspoken thoughts, said Maurice, in a low tone. "When I go out of the room, follow and go back with me."

The mother had already submitted to his arrangements as to the treatment, so Maurice did not wait to take leave, and I followed him. As we descended the stairway, I begged with earnest entreaty that he would tell me what he intended.

"Wait until we are in the street," he replied.

We reached it, and he made a dozen steps forward without speaking. I could not wait longer.

"In the name of heaven, Maurice, what did the oculist say to you?" cried I, in anguish of spirit.

He came to my side.

"What did he tell me? Thou mayst well doubt it," replied he, brusquely. "He thinks that thy mother, Madeline, is in a fair way to become blind."

I uttered a cry; but he remained almost as if in a passion.

"Go to! Thunder! It is not necessary to agitate thyself in uttering a— Remain quiet like other men."

"Blind! blind!" repeated I again and again. "What will become of her? How shall I find her a companion? Who will take care of her?"

"Ah! now see," said Maurice. "It is clear that something must be done; and it is for this that I am speaking to thee about the matter. An old blind woman will be rather a rough charge for a young lad. It is for thee to say if thou wilt find it too heavy."

I regarded Maurice with an air which proved to him that I did not comprehend his meaning.

"Ah, well! yes, yes," in reply to the expression on my face; "thou wouldst fear to discharge the duty if thy heart did not compel thee. There are retreats for poor incurable people."

"O, where?"

"In the hospital."

"Do you wish, then, that I shall go and place my mother among mendicants?" cried I.

"Faith! art thou going to be a senator?" said Maurice, without looking at me. "There are higher-crested birds than Madeline within those walls—real ladies who once had their lackeys and coaches."

"Then have they never had sons," I replied.

"That is yet to be known," continued the mason, shrugging his shoulders. "The sons are under no greater obligations than the mothers, and these last do not consider it an evil when they convey the infant to an orphan asylum."

"But it was not the way with mine,"

interrupted I, with haste. "Mine guarded and held me in her arms, as long as I remained a little one. She nourished me with her milk and with her bread until I had grown like a vine against the wall of her affection; and now that the wall is broken, shall I leave it for others to sustain? Not so; not so. Father Maurice, you could not have believed that of me. If the good woman really loses her sight—ah, well, it must be restored to her in mine. Between us there must be but one eye for each. If you can do better for us, we shall be content."

"Thou sayest these things from an overflow of tenderness," observed Maurice. "It will be better to reflect upon it coolly. Think well what a bullet thou wilt drive in thy foot. Farewell to liberty, to economies, to marriage even; for it will be a long time before thou wilt earn enough to undertake the care of a family, with one relation of no account to support."

"One of no value!" repeated I, indignant at the suggestion. "You deceive yourself, Maurice; the old woman will give me contentment and courage. When I was born, I was also a worthless animal to the poor creature, yet, nevertheless, she received me with a right good will. I am certain that I know myself; and what I engage to do is not because the clear head is lost in the warm heart, as you appear to think. The test will be a severe one, and I wish that the trial were not to be borne; but since it has been sent to her, may God punish me if I do not perform my whole loving duty!"

At this point, Maurice, who had not as yet looked toward me, turned quickly and drawing close to my side, clasped my two hands tightly within his own. "Thou art a true and faithful worker!" he cried, cheerfully. "I wished to see what thou hadst there within thee, and if the foundations were solid. Now I am satisfied. To the devil with all sham pretense! Let us converse always with an open heart."

"But the oculist, does he really think that there is no remedy?" I continued.

"That is his opinion," replied Maurice. "Nevertheless, as I was leaving him, he said, that there remained, perhaps, a hope of retarding the evil, if the good woman could live in the country, with plenty of fresh air, and green verdure for her eyes to rest upon."

I interrupted Maurice by exclaiming that I would send her thither to some spot where I might often see her.

"That will be difficult," objected Maurice. "In living separate the expenses would be almost doubled, and I fear the strings of thy purse would not be long enough for thy good desires."

But the uncertain hope held out by the doctor filled my mind above every other consideration, and I united with Maurice in seeking some expedient whereby we might successfully compass this last means. He recollected at length a peasant woman, Mother Rivion, living near Lonjumeau, with whom Madeline might perhaps find, without much pay, the life and the care she so much needed. He wrote to her without delay, and received such an answer as we all desired.

It now only remained to secure the consent of the invalid herself. To effect this, it was necessary that Maurice should unite my earnest prayers with his own eloquence. The dear woman looked upon her sojourn in the country as an exile; wished me only to have thought for her. But she yielded after a time, and I accompanied her to her new home.

The Mother Rivion received us as if we had been old acquaintances. No more brave and excellent woman had ever eaten the bread which the good Lord gives. She appeared to understand the character of her new boarder at a glance, and promised me to keep her contented and peaceful, if not happy.

"We pass our life in the field," she said to me, "so that the care of the house will be left to your mother. She can manage it, as one does his ass, by means of the halter and bridle. We have too much to do to quarrel about any little fancy she may have. Here every one likes his repose, and the work of one is

never mixed up with that of another. In a month I shall have a young god-daughter with me, who will be a companion for the good woman, and aid her in the domestic work. She is a real shepherd's dog, whom your mother can command by a finger or a glance, so that she can not be otherwise than pleased among us, unless Satan comes in to prevent it."

I left the country home completely reassured. I took a seat on my return in one of those carrier's wagons, very common at that time on the outskirts of Paris, and which transported from place to place, hap-hazard, merchandise and passengers. The cariole was drawn by a single horse, that trotted along at a pace which jolted the cart in a most uncomfortable way, and the seat constructed of a simple board, badly planed, was of a description that made one lose all patience with the vehicle. I soon descended with the driver, and followed on foot, as he did. This conductor was a young man of fine appearance, whose countenance spoke of that robust health which is the reward of a good conscience.

In all the hamlets where we stopped, I saw him giving or receiving commissions without a word of complaint, and in returning money to his customers, they always received it without counting it over. The women inquired about his children, while the men gave him commissions for purchase of goods in the burg. In fine, the intercourse among all he met proved friendship and confidence. As far as I could judge by my conversation with the carrier, he fully merited it. Every thing he said indicated excellent common sense, and a good will which is not common among the charioteers of Paris. He knew how to soften the peculiar temptations of the country, and could call by name the owner of each field that we passed, interesting himself either in his good or evil report. I soon learned from his converse that he had some acres of land, which he cultivated between his voyages, and for which he profited by all the observations he could gather on the road. He was recounting the history of

his domain, as he laughingly called it, when there crossed our way a man poorly clad, with bent shoulders, and whose grizzled hair hung in a disordered fashion over his pimpled face. As he came near us, I saw that he was staggering. He accosted the driver, with that blustering warmth common to drunkenness, and to which he replied with a familiarity of tone that surprised me.

"Is he one of your friends?" I asked when the man had attained some distance beyond us.

"That man there?" repeated he. "He is my benefactor and my master."

I looked at him as if unable to comprehend.

"This astonishes you!" replied the carrier, laughing. "It is nevertheless the truth. However unfortunate he may be, the thing does not permit a doubt. I must say at the first, that Jean Picon (for that is his name) and myself had been old comrades since our childhood. Our parents lived next door to each other, and we made our first communion at the same time. However, Picon was already, even then, a little foolish, and on coming of age, he soon adopted all the habits of the jolly fellows. I was not then much in his company. But one of the accidents of trade placed us together as workmen in the same borough. On the first day, at the moment of leaving for our place of labor, Picon and the others stopped at a public-house to drink a morning's cup of brandy. I remained standing at the doorway, without really knowing what I ought to do. But the men soon called me to join them. 'He fears this will ruin him!' cried Picon, in a mocking tone. 'Two cents saved! He thinks perhaps that it will render him a millionaire!' The others echoed back the laugh, which so covered me with confusion and shame that I entered to take a drink with them. Afterward, in reaching the field and occupied with my work, I began to ruminate on what Picon had said. The cost of the little glass of the morning was in fact a very small thing; but repeated each day, it would

end by multiplying itself into thirty-six francs and ten sous! I set myself now to calculate what one could do with such a sum. Thirty-six francs ten sous, said I to myself, is as much as one needs for housekeeping, one chamber and more for lodging; that is to say, of ease for the wife, health for the children, good temper for the husband. It would furnish wood for the Winter, or the means of heating a dwelling when the snow lies outside its doors. It is the price of a goat, whose milk would so augment the comfort of the household. It would pay the expense of schooling, where a boy could learn to read and write. Then, turning my mind toward the other side, I added: Thirty-six francs ten sous! our neighbor Pierre does not pay more for the location of the acre of ground he cultivates, and which supports his family! It is just the interest of the amount I might borrow, in order to purchase from the commissary of the burg the horse and carriage which he wishes to sell! With this money, expended every morning to the detriment of my health, I could raise a family, and amass, by economy, what would be necessary for my old age!

"These calculations and reflections decided me. I laid to one side the false shame which made me accede once to the solicitations of Picon, and I thus saved from my first wages, which he would have had me expend at the public inn, enough to enter into negotiations with the carrier, whom I have succeeded.

"Since then I have always continued to reckon up each expense, and not to neglect any necessary economy, while Picon has continued to persevere, on his part, in what he calls the life of good children! You see where the difference of opinion has conducted us both. The tattered garments of the poor man, his premature old age, the contempt of honest men, and my easy life, my good health, my fair reputation, all come from the habits we assumed! His misery lies in the little glass of brandy, which he took, and still takes in the early morning, while my happiness is due to the two sous

saved by a timely self-denial." Thus spoke the carrier. Since then I have many times recalled this history of the little glass of *eau de vie*, and have often related it to others as a useful lesson.

Meanwhile, the absence of my mother changed every thing to me. Now I was quite alone, obliged to eat at the liquor-dealer's table, and to sleep in his upper chamber. Not partaking in the amusements and gay habits of the other laborers, I did not know what to do with my Sundays and my evenings. Maurice perceived that I was falling into a gloomy despondency.

"Take care," said he to me, "for thou must pant in all situations. I have passed through them, my little one, and know what it is to bivouac thus in the provision shop, with life under one's thumb, as if it was a traveler's breakfast. In the beginning *this* will irritate, or *that* weary you, until one would rather sleep on a pallet of straw, by one's self, than under the finest coverlets with all the world. But this is only another kind of apprenticeship, thou seest. It is not altogether evil that thou findest thyself abandoned to thyself occasionally, and obliged to look out for the feed-grain. With the mothers, children are never weaned! As long as they are little infants, and when the good God gives them to us, he imparts a special grace and strength to us for their maintenance; but when we have become men, and he retires them from us for a time, it is to render us a service. If Madeline had not been separated from thee, thou wouldst never have learned to put buttons on thy suspenders!"

I felt the truth of what he said; but I found this new apprenticeship otherwise harder to bear than the hardships which I had been obliged to submit to as a journeyman laborer. I began to understand that it was more difficult to become a man than a mechanic.

There were a dozen beds in the room where I slept, occupied by the companion artisans of various departments of a building; such as masons, carpenters,

painters, or locksmiths. Among these was found an Auvergnat, already preparing for his return, whom we named Marcotte, and who had once been a rough plasterer in our work-yard. He was a very peaceable man, quite devoted to his business, without being a distinguished mechanic, and who never spoke unless spoken to by others. The goodman Marcotte lived on nuts or radishes, according to the season, and carried all his wages to the country for the purchase of land. He already owned ten acres, and only wanted to be able to reach the dozen, to retire from mechanics to his farm. He was to build himself a small cottage, having also two cows and a horse, which would aid him in cultivating and living on it. This project, steadily carried out by him from the age of fifteen years, was nearly accomplished. It wanted only a few months more to reach the consummation. We sometimes rallied the goodman on his fine luck by sur-naming him "The Landed Proprietor;" but such jibes glided over his self-love like rain down the roofs. Occupied exclusively by one idea, the rest was to him only an empty sound.

It was thus watching him that I seriously reflected, for the first time, what power there is in a will devoted to one subject, and always on the alert. Before seeing this example, I did not know what perseverance in feeble means could accomplish against the strongest obstacles.

The person who occupied the adjoining chamber to the goodman Marcotte, learned the lesson also. He was an apprentice locksmith, young and strong, but who only worked his stated hours, and then amused himself as he pleased, never remaining more than a month in an attic for fear, as he said, of being fixed. Every thing which might prove a restraint, was treated by him as superstition! If one spoke of the necessity of regularity in work, it was all an old fable! or of honesty toward the rough peasantry, superstition! of obliging sympathy for one's comrades, superstition still! of that which we owed to those

who belonged to us, all vain superstition! Faramount declared aloud that every one should live for himself alone, regarding other men as we do game—excellent to fry, when one can entrap it. We laughed at his fancies, but there ran, on his monthly reports, certain noisy quarrels, which counteracted any true admiration or respect for the man; and the better class of operatives only passed with him the compliments of a good-day and good-night. For my part I avoided him as much as possible, less from principle than from repugnance. Thus, from the first day he had nicknamed me *La Rosiere*, the roach, in ridicule of certain scruples which I had exhibited to him, while I had responded to the sobriquet by calling him *La Chiourme* (the convict), in allusion to some principles of his which seemed likely to conduct him to a prison-cell. Since that time the two names had been preserved by the inmates. Although Faramount seemed to take the thing laughingly, he evidently regarded me with malice, and on several occasions sought to involve me in a quarrel, knowing well that I had not strength to resist him. But I was prudent enough to elude his intentions. Maurice was witness to his attempts, and encouraged me to persist in my indifferent manner.

"Beware of the *Chiourme* as thou wouldst of the devil," he said, seriously, to me. "Thou knowest I am not a child, and that I have made headway against many of these hard fellows. But I would rather have a six months' sickness than to be mixed up with any affair with him."

I thought the same. The intelligence and wickedness of Faramount rendered his vitality and vigor truly remarkable; and one of the miseries of our condition to ourselves and other laboring men is the blind respect we accord to mere physical strength. A kind of point of honor reduces the working-man to trust only his personal means of defense, and he glories in not seeking artificial weapons, outside himself; so that such a one as Faramount, who might feign reasons with one and another for combat, could,

in some degree, tyrannize over the whole company.

If the race of duellists by sword cuts is disappearing, in the classes below them, that of duelling with strokes from brawny, hard fisticuffs has been and is always in full force. Alas! what have I not seen these ferocious scapegraces inflict upon brave operatives, maiming them for life sometimes, even making their wives widows; and yet whose rascalities give them a certain position of respectability! No one dares show contempt toward them, for fear of enlarging the list of victims. The saying goes round among all his companions, "You must beware of him; he is a scoundrel!" And in spite of this character, he yet wins to himself some regard.

What cause meanwhile had he against us? When one of the number, being appointed to judge and find out the grievance, how comes it that we never hear of the judgment being executed? Can it then be so difficult for honest workmen to unite against these enraged animals, and drive them from their ranks? But there are remaining among all classes, in more respects than one, barbarian ideas. Like the savage, we take the spirit of brutality and of warfare, and we call it a virtue, that covers many sins! Among the close neighborhood of occupants in the dormitory, I had attached myself particularly to the goodman Marcotte, as much so at least as was permissible between two persons where there were differences in age and tastes. He confided to me his plan of soon returning to the country, which delay indeed only waited for an opportunity to finish up the purchase of his little domain.

Two or three days after this confidence, he returned later than usual; a part of our companions were already in their beds; but I had remained awake to write to Lonjumeau. I was about extinguishing my candle, when I heard the good man mounting the stairs, humming as he came. He opened the door with a choleric assurance which astonished me. Contrary to all his habits, his voice was

loud, his eyes brilliant, and the hat he wore hung rakishly over one ear. At the first glance I comprehended that "the landed proprietor" had, for once, departed from his accustomed sobriety. The wine he had taken rendered him talkative, and he seated himself on the side of his bed, relating to me the pleasures of the evening. He had just left the carrier, who executed commissions for the country folk, and had learned from him that the piece of land so long coveted, and which was to complete his establishment, was finally to be sold. The notary only delayed to receive Marcotte's money.

"You have the sum?" demanded I.

"Thou say'st true, my old fellow," replied Marcotte, lowering his voice and putting on that mysterious smile peculiar to those who are not habituated to strong drink. "Papers and agreement, all are ready."

He looked cautiously around to assure himself that all were asleep in the chamber; then plunging his arms nearly to his shoulder in his straw mattress, he drew forth a bag, which he held up before me with a triumphant expression.

"Here is the thing," said he; "there is in it a good bit of land, and what will help me to build a dog-kennel, if nothing more."

He had loosened the cord which tied the cloth pocket, and thrust his hand its whole length, to touch the pieces of money. But at the sound of the silver clinking inside, he trembled, cast a furtive glance at the sleepers, made a sign to me not to say any thing about it, and returned the sack to its hiding-place under the bolster. Soon he was in bed and asleep. I undressed myself to do the same; but at the moment of putting out my light, I turned round toward the bed where Faramount lay. The locksmith's large eyes were wide open! He closed them hastily under my gaze, and I, taking no further heed of him, went to my own cot.

I can not say what it was that disturbed my sleep about midnight; but I awakened with a nervous start. The

moonbeams gleamed through the uncurtained window, and cast a very clear light on my side of the room. Being now thoroughly aroused, I found myself gazing in front of La Chiourme's bed. It was empty! Returning to my own, I lay resting on my elbow, that I might have a better sight. Doubt was impossible. Faramount had certainly risen! At the same moment I heard a creaking of the boards at my right hand. I turned my head; a shadow appeared to lower itself suddenly, and the apparition to disappear under the bed of Father Marcotte. I rubbed my eyes to assure myself that I was not deceived, and then gazed at the phantom anew. There was nothing to be seen; all had become silent as the night itself. I covered myself in bed once more, yet keeping my eyes half-open. Half an hour or less passed by, and my eyelids began to grow heavy, and ready to close, when a fresh creaking of the floor made me open them. I had only time to see Faramount pass, return to his bed, and disappear under the blankets. There did not come to my mind any special idea of wrong at the instant, and I betook myself to sleep once more. This was rudely broken in upon by loud weepings and groans. Again I leaped up, with a bound. Daylight was just beginning to glimmer through the apartment, and I perceived by its faint rays, the Auvergnat tearing his hair, while standing before his overturned bed.

"What is it there? What has happened to him?" demanded several voices.

"Some one has stolen his money!" replied that of others.

"Yes! stolen it this night!" repeated Marcotte, with a frenzy that rendered him almost idiotic. "Yesterday it was there. . . . I touched it, I had it under my head in sleeping. The brigand who has robbed me is here!"

A remembrance of the past night suddenly enlightened me, and I turned toward La Chiourme. He was the only one of our number that had the air of having slept through the midst of this

tumult, and those doleful cries. I took a rapid survey of my position. There were probably none but myself who had any cognizance of the theft. If I remained silent, the Auvergnat would lose the sum so laboriously garnered for the space of almost forty years. If I told the secret, on the contrary, I could force the convict to a restitution; but should, in doing so, expose myself to all his vengeance. In spite of the danger in the choice, I did not deliberate long. I extended the hand toward Marcotte, and drew him to me.

"Be quieted, father propriétaire!" cried I, "your money is not lost!"

"What dost thou say?" he returned in an excited tone, his very features changing their expression. "Thou knowest who has the bag! Unfortunate boy! is it thou who hast taken it?"

"Go to; you are a fool!" said I, in anger.

"Where is it, then? Where is it?" he began again, while the eyes of all the companion operatives were fixed on me.

I placed myself by the side of Faramount.

"See him, Chiourme!" I said. "The laugh has been carried far enough; it is not right that with one joke we should give the jaundice to the proprietor. Give him back his money—quick!"

He had continued to keep his eyes tight shut; but his complexion changed color, which proved to me that he had heard. Marcotte threw himself upon the man, as he lay in his bed, as a dog which seizes his prey, and shook him with angry violence, demanding his gold pieces.

Faramount acted the part of a man just awakened very well, and inquired of the goodman what he wanted. But the shrill cries of the Auvergnat taught him the wherefore too speedily to give any time for preparing a false subterfuge. I was also persistent in declaring that carrying off the sack was a bad turn to serve on Father Marcotte, even in jest, and with no evil intention of disquieting him.

La Chiourme was obliged to restore the money, repeating, over and over again, that it was only taken for a bit of fun. Nevertheless, he could read, without any trouble, depicted on every face present, the fact that we all knew why he had stolen it. Each one dressed himself in haste, and went out without speaking to him. He alone pretended to be in no hurry, and finished his toilet, whistling. But when I passed before his bed, he cast on me a look of such cold rage, that my very hair bristled up on my head. Henceforth I was sure of having an enemy to the death.

FROM THE FRENCH.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

HOW often we, like Hagar, mourn,
When some unlooked for blight
Calls us away, no more to turn
To joys we fancy bright.
Forced from our idols to retreat,
And seek the Almighty's care,
Perchance we are sent forth to meet
A desert-angel there.
Thou who didst sit at Jacob's well,
The weary hour of noon,
The languid pulses thou canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune.

Thou from whose cross in anguish burst
The cry that owned thy dying thirst,
To thee we turn, our Last and First,
Our Sun and soothing Moon.
From darkness here and dreariness
We ask not full repose,
Only be Thou at hand to bless
Our trial-hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven uncloze?

CHILDREN GONE.

SOMETIMES, when the day grows dusky,
 And the stars begin to come;
 When the children, from their playing,
 Come singing and laughing home,
 I think, with a sudden sorrow,
 As they press through the open door,
 Of the faces of the children
 That we never shall see any more;
 Children in snow-white caskets,
 Laid away to their rest,
 Their still hands lying folded
 Over their pulseless breast!
 Children who came and tarried
 As only it were for a night,
 And passed, at the break of the morning,
 On a far journey out of sight;
 On a long and a lonely journey,
 Where we could not help or hold:
 For we saw but the closing of eyelids,
 The fading of locks of gold,

And knew how now was but silence,
 Where once had been prattle and song;
 And only a chill and a shadow,
 Where was sunshine the whole day long.
 Away from our care and caresses,
 "God knows where they are" we say,
 And we know that we tarry behind them
 Only a little way;
 For we, too, haste in our journey,
 And we know it will not be long,
 Till we come to the city eternal,
 The rest and the rapture of song.
 Yet oft, when the sun is setting
 In unspeakable splendor of light,
 Or the day grows dim and dusky,
 And the shadows stretch into the night;
 When the children, tired with their playing,
 Come in through the open door,
 I think of the dear, dear children,
 Who never will come any more.

THE SUNSET LAND.

ODIMLY through the mists of years,
 That roll their dreary waves between,
 The gorgeous sunset land appears,
 Arrayed in hues of fadeless green.
 And from that far-off sunny clime,
 Old half-forgotten songs arise,
 And stealing o'er the waves of Time,
 The sweetly lingering music dies.
 As some bright island of the sea,
 Forever blooming—ever fair;
 Though cold, dark billows round it be,
 Eternal sunshine hovers there.
 Thus o'er the silent sea of years,
 Our eager, longing looks are cast,
 When robed in fadeless Spring appears
 The sunlit Eden of the past.
 There memory weaves her garlands green
 Beside the lone, hope-haunted shore!
 And, musing 'mid the Arcadian scene,
 Twines flowers that bloom for us no more.

O hallowed clime! blest land of love!
 Sweet paradise of early dreams!
 Still through thy vale may fancy rove,
 Still back beneath thy evening beams.
 And there they dwell—those cherished ones,
 With snow-white brows and waving hair;
 I see them now—I hear their tones
 Of sweetness sigh along the air.
 Hark! how their silvery voices ring
 In cadence with the wind's low sigh;
 No sweeter than the wind-harp's string
 That wakes at eve its melody.
 They call to us; they wave their hands—
 As by the mirage lifted high,
 That clime in all its beauty stands
 Against the forehead of the sky.
 With wreathed brows—with laugh and song,
 With tender looks—hand clasped in hand,
 They move along, that love-linked throng,
 Within the haunted sunset land.

THE GREAT GOTHIC CATHEDRALS.

THE origin of the Gothic style of architecture is one of the most extraordinary events in the history of art. That a race of unknown architects, springing into existence during the darkness of the Middle Ages, should revolutionize all previous methods of ecclesiastical building, and leave behind them a score or more of great cathedrals, which still remain to be wondered at and admired by the whole world, is indeed strange. But in France, in England, and in Germany, these lofty and majestic piles are standing, covered with the dust and decay of half a dozen centuries, to give their silent testimony to the genius which created them. They tell the same story in architecture that the *Iliad* and *Æneid* do in literature, or the "Transfiguration" and "Last Judgment" in painting. They are masterpieces which later ages have attempted to approach, but which still stand alone in their greatness.

It was early in the twelfth century that the church was built in Laon, France, which introduced this new era in architecture. Before that time the Romanesque style had mostly prevailed in France, the Norman in England, and the Byzantine and Saracenic in Southern Europe. But the architect of this church adopted a new idea. He carried his structure to a greater height in the vaults, introduced the pointed arch in the place of the old round one, and to the narrow, high walls, applied exterior buttresses. It was seen at once that this style was better suited to the observance of religious forms, and to the carrying out of decorative principles. It seemed perfectly adapted, also, to the artistic taste of the people. The new style spread rapidly throughout France, crossed the Rhine into Germany, and penetrated even to the remote island of Britain. Wherever it appeared, Byzantine, Romanesque, Saracenic, all the pre-exist-

ing styles, gradually faded away, and were replaced by the slender tracery, clustered columns, and pointed arch, of the new style. It was a revolution in church building, as sudden and complete as the Reformation, two or three centuries later, was in Church forms and morals.

The discovery of the pointed style also gave a great impulse to building. Churches were every-where begun on a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown. Within a century four-fifths of all the wonderful Gothic cathedrals, of which Europe is now so proud, were at least commenced, and many of them were completed. The period between 1200 and 1400 may indeed be called an era of cathedral building. In France, the cathedral at Laon was followed in quick succession by those at Amiens, Chartres, Bourges, Rheims, Notre Dame at Paris, and St. Ouen at Rouen; in Germany by Strasburg, Cologne and Fribourg; in England by Canterbury, York, Lincoln and Gloucester. It was before the revival of literature or practical science, before poetry or painting, or any of the great discoveries of modern times. The intellect of the people seemed to be aroused from the darkness and stupor of centuries, and to concentrate itself upon this new work of building cathedrals.

A writer on French architecture has said, in regard to this brilliant epoch in building: "Not even the great Pharaonic era in Egypt, the age of Pericles in Greece, nor the great period of the Roman Empire, will bear comparison with the thirteenth century in Europe, whether we look to the extent of the buildings executed, their wonderful variety and constructive elegance, the daring imagination that conceived them, or the power of poetry and of lofty religious feelings that is expressed in every feature and in every part of them."

Before proceeding to a description of

the great Gothic cathedrals, a word or two in further explanation of the peculiarities of the Gothic style may aid in the proper understanding of the subject. The pointed arch, with its many modifications, is the germ that produced the whole system; but it is by no means the sole distinguishing characteristic. The more obvious principles of Gothic building are height and length, which are artificially increased by the aspiring form of pointed arches, the tapering pinnacles, the long vistas lined with clustered columns, and the lofty vaults. The ordinary form of a Gothic cathedral may be roughly described as that of a Latin cross, the longest arm forming the nave with the side aisles, the shortest arm the choir, in which the clergy conduct the service, and the two projections of the cross-piece the transept. The nave, the transept, and the choir are then the three main features of the edifice.

Another striking and almost essential feature of the Gothic cathedral is the painted window, with its rich setting of tracery. In some of the English cathedrals especially, it has seemed to be the first design of the architect to obtain the greatest possible space which constructive necessity would allow, for the display of painted glass. In these intervals the mediæval artists have delineated all the characters of Scripture and the legends of the Church in colors that are as gorgeous, after the lapse of five or six centuries, as they were when first put in. Turn in whatever direction he will, the visitor is confronted by one of these masterpieces. "The painted slabs of the Assyrian palaces," says Fergusson, "are comparatively poor attempts at the same effect. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were far less splendid and complete; nor can the painted temples of the Greeks, nor the mosaics and frescoes of the Italian churches, be compared with the brilliant effect and party-colored glories of the windows of a perfect Gothic cathedral, where the whole history of the Bible is written in the hues of the rainbow by the earnest hand of faith."

To attempt to convey an adequate idea of such a cathedral as Cologne by written description is a difficult and unsatisfactory task. The reader may be led to imagine the vast aisles and the solemn gloom that reigns within; he may, in fancy, hear the intonations of the priests, or the majestic music of the organ; he may see the ever-burning lamps before the altar, and catch the odor of the incense that is swung from the censers; but how, without actual sight, can he realize the glories of the architecture, the vast dimensions, the hoary antiquity?

THE FRENCH CATHEDRALS.

In the order of construction, and of artistic perfection, the French cathedrals rank first. To be sure, there is no prominent example in France, like the one at Cologne, wherein are combined all the beauties of the art; but still it was the French who originated the style and carried it to its highest perfection. The prolific building age, of which we have spoken, produced in France no less than thirty or forty cathedrals, which, in size and architectural proportions, may be ranked as first class. It is sufficient if we choose from this list four or five of the most important, which may be taken as typical of the whole.

Notre Dame, at Paris, and the cathedrals at Rheims, Chartres, and Amiens; were commenced almost simultaneously, about the middle of the twelfth century, and all completed within a hundred years—which may be considered quick work in cathedral building.

Notre Dame, otherwise the cathedral of Paris, is historically, if not architecturally, one of the most interesting buildings of modern times. It is one of the oldest of French cathedrals, having been begun in 1163, and completed during the thirteenth century. Since 1845, it has been completely restored from the mutilations and ravages of six hundred years, and looks now as if it might stand when all the modern structures which surround it have crumbled into ruins. During the

vicissitudes of French politics, it has served many a purpose. It has afforded a rendezvous for the bloody actors in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; it has sent away armies of crusaders for the conquest of the Holy Land; it has sheltered the populace during the carnage of the Revolution; it has been the scene of the coronation as emperor of the greatest military genius since Alexander; and still later it has served as a fortress for the last remnant of a brutal and blood-thirsty Commune. The historical associations which hover around the venerable pile, invest it with an interest which no observer can help feeling, however blind he may be to the beauties of its architecture.

It was on a great fête day, about a year ago, that the writer paid his first visit to Notre Dame. It was a day for the people, but the people did not come. The lines of Lowell seemed peculiarly applicable:

"Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
Tossing their clangors o'er the heedless town,
To call the worshipers, who never came,
Or women, mostly, in loath twos and threes."

A few hundred Parisians, and a score or more of tourists, joined in the solemn procession which followed the Eucharist up and down the broad aisles. If one grew tired of wandering about on the stone pavement, a white-capped Sister of Mercy stood ready with a chair, which could be rented for a sou. It is the method employed throughout France and Italy to make sure of the penny collection. Priests and guides stood ready at every turn to conduct the visitor through the long series of chapels, in which the rich pay their private devotions, and rear costly monuments to their dead; or through the sacristy, filled with costly relics of gold and silver, the gorgeous vestments of the long line of archbishops, the skulls and bones of forgotten saints, pieces of the true cross, the crown of thorns, etc. Among the other treasures is a robe of Archbishop Daboy, pierced with bullets and stained with blood. He died on the barricades of Paris, during the bloody scenes of 1848, while holding

aloft the olive-branch of peace. Then comes the weary climb to the summit of the tower, and the broad panorama of Paris and its environs, stretching away for miles on either side.

The marked features of the exterior are the west front, surmounted by the lofty square towers, which have never been completed, and decorated with a rich profusion of sculpture; the bold flying buttresses; the great circular rose windows, and the graceful spire that ascends from the center of the building. It is not, like the cathedrals of Cologne and Milan, calculated to overwhelm the beholder with a sense of its vastness and sublimity; but it is a great church, and a true type of Gothic at its best period.

The cathedral at Amiens is the largest in France. It is the chief glory of the old city of Amiens, which lies on the route from Dieppe to Paris, and which, were it not for its venerable Gothic pile, would never be heard of beyond the borders of France. The height of the nave within is 141 feet, and of the central spire 422 feet. The building was commenced in 1220, but most of it was constructed in the following century. The interior, in the morning, is flooded with a soft and subdued light from the rich stained-glass windows, and, as the procession of priests comes winding in from an adjoining chapel, humming their prayers and wafting incense through the aisles, the solitary visitor in a distant corner feels the somber influence of the place creeping over him. There are, perhaps, a hundred priests and boys engaged in the services, and half as many worshipers kneeling and crossing themselves before the altars. The whole city, if it should turn out simultaneously, could be comfortably accommodated within the vast walls of the cathedral. But no one anticipates such an emergency. The peculiarly Gothic element of height is well illustrated in this cathedral. "Take," says M. Renaud, "the columns of the central nave at Amiens, and it will be found that their elevation is equal to ninety-six times their diameter. On the other hand, the

supports of the baths of Caracalla, and of the Temple of Peace, are only ten times that of their diameter; and at St. Etienne of Caen, the loftiest of the Romanesque churches, the pillars are only thirty-three times the height of their diameter. The height of the nave at Amiens is three times that of its width." Let the reader compare these with the internal proportions of any of our own so-called Gothic churches, and he will see how far modern builders dare follow those sublime and unknown architects of the Middle Ages.

An eminent writer has said that in the Middle Ages the sculpture, the painting, the music, of the people, were all found in the cathedrals, and there only. The cathedral at Chartres is a striking example of this. It is the richest in sculptures of all the French cathedrals, having over three thousand figures carved in stone, and representing all manner of objects in sacred and profane history. Every niche and pinnacle and buttress has its image, now battered and worn by the action of time and the elements, but still so beautiful and striking as to make the architecture appear subordinate to the sculpture. "Beginning," says Fergusson, "with the creation of the world, they represent all the wondrous incidents of the first chapter of Genesis, and thence continuing the history through the whole of the Old Testament. In these sculptures the story of the redemption of mankind is told, as set forth in the New, with a distinctness, and at the same time with an earnestness, almost impossible to surpass. On the other hand, ranges of statues of kings of France, and other popular potentates, carry on the thread of profane history to the period of the erection of the cathedral itself. In addition to this, we have, interspersed with them, a whole system of moral philosophy, as illustrated by the virtues and the vices, each represented by an appropriate symbol, and the reward or punishment, its invariable accompaniment. In other parts are shown all the arts of peace, every process of husbandry in its appro-

priate season, and each manufacture or handicraft in all its principal forms. Over all these are seen the heavenly hosts, with saints, angels, and archangels. All of this is so harmoniously contrived and beautifully expressed, that it becomes a question, even now, whether the sculpture of these cathedrals does not exceed the architecture."

The great lessons of truth and the glad tidings of the Gospel, which are now spread broadcast over the world in printed volumes, were, in that remote age, taught to the people through this rude symbolism of stone. Perhaps here may be found the reason why the throngs which, in those years, were wont to press around the altars, are no longer to be found there. Perhaps Victor Hugo was right in his prediction: "*Ceci tuera cela; le livre tuera l'Eglise.*"

Aside from this excessive display of sculpture, the Cathedral of Chartres is one of the most interesting in France. The labor of six centuries has been expended on its completion and ornamentation, and yet the same strict style has never been departed from. It combines the essentially Gothic qualities of lightness and grace to a remarkable extent. The most striking features of the exterior are the two lofty towers flanking the facade. They are of unequal heights—being 366 and 396 feet respectively—and are as dissimilar as they could well have been made, and still remain Gothic. One of them is a simple, plain spire, shorn of every ornament, and rising in an unbroken line toward heaven. The other is decorated with all the florid details of the sixteenth century.

The gorgeous façade of the Cathedral of Rheims is one of the things that, once seen, are never forgotten. The building has a remarkable history. On the same site stood one of the most sumptuous structures in France, raised by Charlemagne; but it was burned in 1210, and in the incredibly short space of three years, it was replaced by the present cathedral, which is over 500 feet in length. The architect was the renowned Robert

de Coucy, who possessed an important advantage over the builders of the early cathedrals, in that he had the experience resulting from their experiments to draw from. Lefèvre points out the following characteristic of the interior: "In order to increase the impression of the length of the building, he suppressed every thing that might arrest the eye upon the walls. He wished the spectator to embrace, at a single *coup d'œil*, the ranges of columns, the vault, and the apse, which, when looked at, seemed to recede away into the distance. A great number of windows, and four rose windows, which, for the most part, still retain the glass of the thirteenth century, threw upon this long avenue all the colors of the prism, beautifully deepening into a purple light, which resembles that of the setting sun."

Had the two towers of Rheims been completed in accordance with the original design, it would have been, perhaps, the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture handed down to us. In all the ornate splendor of the front, there is no departure from the principles of taste and appropriateness. All this richness of detail imparts to the façade "an aerial lightness, a mystical elegance, a sort of extreme beauty, which we could not attempt to increase without danger." In form, the building is a Latin cross, with the transept placed near the apse.

It would be interesting to trace the peculiarities of the other important French cathedrals, such as those of Beauvais, Bourges, St. Ouen, of Rouen, etc.; but the limits of this article forbid. Below is a statistical table of the dimensions of the leading ones:

	Area sq. ft.	Length.	Height of spire
Notre Dame (Paris)....	64,108	450	no spires.
Chartres.....	68,260	440	396
Amiens.....	71,208	470	440
Rheims.....	67,475	500	no spires.
Bourges.....	61,590	405	no spires.

GERMAN CATHEDRALS.

The Germans were rather slow to adopt the Gothic; but when they did, they projected a building that is at once the most

beautiful specimen of the art, and the grandest cathedral ever built in honor of God. It is the Cathedral at Cologne. The person who has once stood before its portals, or under its lofty vaults, has received impressions which can never be effaced. As the traveler descending the Rhine emerges from the Siebengebirge, before a vestige of the city can be discerned, the great church towers up in the dim distance; and, as he approaches, and the outlines grow more distinct, he feels overwhelmed by its sublimity. It seems to lift itself out of the level of the dirty and bad-smelling city into a purer atmosphere above. The visitor lands, and after half an hour's wrangling with the capacious inn-keeper, he wanders forth into the streets, until suddenly he is

"Confronted with the minster's vast repose,
Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff."

It is a spectacle never to be forgotten. The vast unfinished towers, surrounded by a network of scaffolding, seem to dwarf into insignificance the stores and warehouses which surround the structure. He enters in time to catch the chant of a procession of priests descending the aisle. They seem like pigmies under the vault that rises a hundred and fifty feet above their heads. In spite of the long line of clergy, and a few hundred kneeling worshippers, the building seems deserted and lonely. But the stranger is not left long to his meditations. The gorgeously appareled official who has just been acting as drum-major for the procession, and who would have been a fortune to himself in the time of Frederick the Great's Guards, approaches, and wants to show the Chapel of the Three Kings, which contains a gorgeous shrine inclosing the bones of the Magi, brought by the Empress Helena from Constantinople to Milan, and afterward transferred by Frederick Barbarossa to Cologne.

The cathedral has had a strange and interesting history. It was begun in 1248, and the choir completed in about seventy-five years. Between that time and the beginning of the sixteenth century, the nave was built; but after that period

until the present century, nothing was done. In 1795, the church served as a hay magazine for Napoleon's army, and in return for its occupancy, the French stole the lead from the roof. In 1816, the work of restoring and completing the cathedral was begun, and now nothing remains to be built but the towers, which are to rise five hundred and twenty feet, the highest in the world. Already more than two millions of dollars have been expended since the restoration was begun, and the cost of the spires that are projected would build a great many Methodist churches in America. When one considers in connection with these figures the vast amounts previously expended, and the cheapness of labor and material, compared with our own country, he may form some conception of the pecuniary cost of a great cathedral.

Perhaps here we may find an explanation for the fact that no such great ecclesiastical structure has yet been undertaken even in this land of material wealth. At Cologne, the money is raised by all the various and extraordinary means known to the Catholic Church. The King of Prussia has contributed freely, and for years a regular income has been realized from a well-advertised lottery, something after the fashion of the Louisville Library affair.

Architecturally considered, the cathedral at Cologne is, in style, an exact copy of its French rivals. But it is of the best Gothic, and fortunately is free from the deviations and corruptions which characterized a later period of the French, as well as of the German, schools. Notwithstanding the work of its construction spreads over half a dozen centuries, it shows a marked uniformity of style. Through all these ages, the same original design—said to be by Conrad de Hochsteden—has been religiously adhered to, and is being as closely followed to-day.

What greater tribute could be paid to the genius of those unlettered master-masons of the Middle Ages than that the builders of the nineteenth century, learned in the schools, and with the examples of the

world before them, should think it their highest achievement successfully to carry out the plans that have come down to them from that period of mental darkness? Critics have found defects in the cathedral, among which are said to be its relative shortness, the double aisles of the nave, the enormous height of the towers, and the superfluous means of abutment; but to an ordinary lover of the beautiful, these faults are not apparent.

The Cathedral of Strasburg is the glory of Alsace. Like the one at Cologne, it stands in the midst of a broad, level plain, and its great height makes it a prominent object for many miles on every side. In the late bloody war, it was the center around which some very severe fighting was done. The German gunners professed to have respect for the sacred edifice, but during the siege several cannon-balls were sent crashing through its walls and turrets. Stone saints, which had for centuries looked calmly down from their niches upon the troubled scenes below, were knocked into a hundred fragments. The ravages of these few stray shots are not even yet wholly repaired.

It is upon its wonderful façade and tower that this cathedral chiefly depends for its reputation. The building of this tower spread the fame of the Strasburg masons throughout Europe, so that their services were called into requisition in the building of the cupola on the Milan Cathedral, and the famous spires at Vienna and Fribourg. But the original spire (four hundred and sixty-one feet) still remains, the highest of all known edifices, the pyramids of Egypt excepted; and they are but nine feet higher.

Winding up through this tower, which is open to the light throughout its whole length, is a spiral staircase. It is enough for most visitors to ascend to the platform, two hundred and forty-five feet above the earth; but it is possible to go even to the cross on the summit of the spire. It is said that Goethe once remained a quarter of an hour in these giddy heights, on a platform three feet

square, without even the support of a hand-rail. It is not easy to comprehend the meaning of this height; but let the reader stand before the steeple of Trinity Church, in New York, or of the First Presbyterian Church, in Cincinnati, and imagine a full façade, rising nearly as high—the spire of the one beginning where that of the other leaves off—and he will be able to form some conception of it. Then let him, in imagination, substitute for the dull, unadorned front before him the magnificent façade of Strasbourg, separated into three divisions in height and three in width; in the center a gorgeous rose window, and the third story illuminated by two beautiful windows, fifty feet in height; the buttresses, the frieze, and the archivolts covered with equestrian statues of kings, a multitude of figures of saints, and historical scenes, carved in stone,—and he will begin to catch the idea.

The nave of the church is strangely out of proportion with this majestic front. It is low, and, compared with the other cathedrals, short; but it is not without interest. It has been slowly built, and shows the architectural traces of many ages. The choir, crypt, and part of the transept, which were first built, and date back to the eleventh century, are Romanesque. The remainder of the structure illustrate the rise, development, and incipient decline of the Gothic style.

The dimensions of the Cologne and Strasbourg cathedrals are as follows:

	Area sq. ft.	Length.	Height of spire.
Cologne.....	91,464.....	448.....	520 ^o
Strasbourg.....	60,000.....	250.....	461

ITALIAN GOTHIC.

The conquest of the pointed arch in Italy was not so complete as in the northern countries; still it took a deep root in Italian soil during the thirteenth century, and has exerted a marked influence on all subsequent building. Two or three of the great examples left us are among the most important in Christian architecture; but there is about them a pecu-

lar effeminacy of detail which shows that the cultured Italian architects never rose to the full conception of the ideas of the rude builders of the North. They chose rather to adapt the Gothic style to their own tastes and usages than to strike out boldly in the new path. The classical traditions, which had for so many centuries governed the artistic habits of the people, were not so easily shaken off. Their love for frescoes and mosaics and gorgeous pavements made the introduction of painted glass windows, the chief glory of Northern cathedrals, well-nigh impossible. The consequence was, small windows devoid of tracery, heavy walls, fewer piers and buttresses, and a general absence of those principles of lightness and grace so essential to a real Gothic structure.

The great cathedral of Milan stands pre-eminent among the Gothic churches of Italy. St. Peter's alone excepted, it is the largest and richest ecclesiastical structure ever reared by the hands of man. It is one-fifth larger than the renowned St. Paul's of London, and one-seventh larger than the cathedral at Cologne. It is probably, to the average tourist, the most interesting building in all Europe. Standing in the heart of the most busy and thriving city in Northern Italy, it rears its forest of snowy pinnacles high above all surrounding objects. Every projection has an elaborately wrought ornament, and every niche and turret a statue. Every saint known to the calendar of the Church is carved in marble, of a size proportionate to his saintly standing, and set up among the army of stone sentinels that watch over the sanctuary. When the category of saints was exhausted, the sculptors were forced to commence on sinners, and many a duke and king are to be found marshaled in the ranks of prophets and apostles. The number of statues and images used, in the decoration of the church, mainly on the exterior, is given at seven thousand one hundred and forty-eight, with two or three thousand yet to be added. There are one hundred and thirty-six spires

^o When completed.

pointing upward from the roof, each one of which is surmounted by a statue six feet and a half in height. Add to these a wilderness of turrets and pinnacles, a flying buttress worked out in Gothic tracery, and a central tower of the same elaborate design, and some idea may be formed of the exterior. It is glorious beyond all description. And yet there is not one of the great Gothic cathedrals that suffers more severely at the hands of the critics. It is claimed that while its main features are eminently Italian, the details are strictly German; from which it is believed that the building is due to a German architect. According to the traditions of the city it was Marco Compioni who designed the structure, and spent nearly his whole life-time at the work. But there is good reason to believe that even if he conceived the main features, one of the rude architects from beyond the Alps was imported to work out the Gothic details. The original design undoubtedly contemplated a façade of the true Gothic order, with perhaps two majestic towers like those projected at Cologne; but through some means it was never built, and some demented architect-painter of modern times has put up a front in the Renaissance style. The strange incongruity between the five great classical portals and the profuse Gothic decorations that surround them is apparent to every observer who is in the least acquainted with the principles of architecture.

It would be interesting to dwell upon the vast details and solemn beauty of the interior; the magnificent painted windows, ninety feet in height, surrounding the choir; the four marble staircases leading to the roof, and costing one hundred thousand dollars each; the immense wealth of gold and silver statues, and other relics in the treasury; the glorious view of Northern Italy from the roof, whither tourists flock by scores at sunrise, before the glare of the heat upon the white marble makes the place intolerable; and a hundred other features which are the astonishment of all be-

holders; but the space allotted us for this article will not allow.

The amount of money thus far expended on the cathedral is estimated at over a hundred millions of dollars! and it is said that two or three generations more will be required fully to complete it.

There is one other Gothic cathedral in Italy which can not be passed without a brief notice. Late in the thirteenth century, when the city of Florence was in the height of its glory, the proud Florentines determined to build a church commensurate with their pride and importance. By a decree of State, the architect, Arnolfo di Lapo, was directed to draw his plans on a scale of such greatness and splendor that the whole world could admire, but never attempt to rival, the result. It is probable either that the people of Florence had not traveled much at that early day, or else that they found themselves unequal to the carrying out of so large a contract. Nevertheless, they have left a church that is one of the very largest, and, in some respects, the most remarkable, in Europe. It is as unlike its Gothic contemporaries of the North as if it had sprung from a different principle of art. The interior is vast, unadorned, and impressive. The exterior is covered with white marble, ornamented with facings of different colors.

Ruskin says, in "The Stones of Venice:" "There is, as far as I know, only one Gothic building in Europe, the Duomo of Florence, in which the ornament is so exquisitely finished as to enable us to imagine what might have been the effect of the perfect workmanship of the Renaissance, coming out of the hands of men like Verocchio and Ghiberti, had it been employed on the magnificent framework of Gothic structure."

Strangely enough, the façade of the building has never been erected—or rather, restored; for after having been half finished once, it was taken down in 1536, to be replaced by a new one. For over three centuries they have been on the point of supplying this deficiency; but the first stone has not yet been laid.

and the unsightly waste of boards and unfinished masonry, still remains.

The following are the dimensions of the two great Gothic cathedrals in Italy:

	Area sq. ft.	Length.	Width through transept.
Milan.....	108,277	500	250
Florence.....	84,802	500	300

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

The introduction of the French Gothic into England is thus quaintly told by an old writer on the cathedral of London: "In the year 1187, this church of St. Paul was burned with fire, and therewith most part of the city. Mauritius, then bishop, began, therefore, the new foundation of a new church of St. Paul—a work that men of that time judged would never have been finished, it was to them so wonderful for length and breadth; as also the same was builded upon arches (or vaults) of stone, for defense of fire, which was a manner of work before that time unknown to the people of this nation, and then brought from the French; and the stone was fetched from Caen in Normandy."

The new style was thus early rooted in English soil, and, within the two succeeding centuries, produced a large number of cathedrals, which rank among the most beautiful specimens of the Gothic art. While the English cathedrals are not such marvels of size and mechanical construction as their rivals on the Continent, they are, nevertheless, more elegantly proportioned and tastefully decorated. The English people, in mediæval times, sought to erect churches, not as great monuments of national pride and power, but as buildings suitable to the requirements of their religion. Thus, while the style was French in its origin, it was native in its development.

The most marked peculiarity of the English cathedrals is their extraordinary length, compared with their width. In the Continental cathedrals the length was usually about four times the internal width. In England the proportion was about six to one. This feature greatly increases the pictorial effect of the interior. The vaults of the English ca-

thedrals are much lower than those on the Continent, and the ends are square rather than apsidal in arrangement. The English cathedrals also possess an important advantage over their French and German rivals in the matter of location. The latter are generally crowded in the market-place of the town, and perhaps disfigured by huts built directly against their walls. In England, on the contrary, the cathedral always occupies a commanding site in the town, and is surrounded by a burying-ground or a broad open space of green turf. Thus its architectural beauties are more plainly brought out.

Another point in which the English and French cathedrals differ is in diversity of style. Those at Chartres, Amiens, Paris, and Bruges, are singularly uniform in design. In those at Lincoln, Salisbury, Ely, York, etc., there is the widest diversity. As a rule the English cathedral has either three towers or three spires—two over the west front, and one rising from the center. This is but rarely the case on the Continent. Another marked peculiarity is the multiplicity of chapter-houses and smaller buildings that are connected with the main structure, thereby greatly magnifying its apparent size.

The length which this article has already reached prevents a separate description of the English cathedrals, or even a proper consideration of the features that are characteristic of them all. We can only, therefore, append the following table of dimensions of the leading ones, from which some of the peculiarities that have been pointed out will appear:

	Area sq. ft.	Length inside.
York	72,860	486
Lincoln.....	66,900	468
Winchester.....	64,200	530
Westminster.....	61,729	505
Ely.....	61,700	517
Canterbury.....	56,280	514
Salisbury.....	55,830	450
Durham.....	55,700	473
Peterborough.....	50,518	426
Wells.....	40,680	388
Norwich.....	49,572	408
Worcester.....	38,980	387
Exeter.....	35,370	383
Lichfield.....	33,930	319

T. A. H. BROWN.

CEYLON AND PADMANEE, THE BEAUTIFUL CINGALESE.

PADMANEE was originally a citizen of the Cinnamon Isle, that lovely palm-fringed Eden, which one who has seen can never forget. She was the daughter of Hameer Lauk, one of the kings of Ceylon, or Lauka, who reigned about the close of the thirteenth century. Only women of beauty and amiability bear the name of Padmanee, which is the highest of the four class-names bestowed on Hindoo females. The name is derived from Padma, the goddess of riches, and *padam*, the lotus. The second class-name is Chitreenee, from *chit*, the heart, and was probably given to women who were distinguished by those qualities that win hearts, more than for mere personal beauty. The other two names, Saukheenee and Hasteenee, were given to women of harsh and unlovely disposition and plain features. The last name, in fact, means a female elephant, and must have been considered a term of great reproach.

Of course, in those days Ceylon was not under the British rule. Colombo, Galle, and other cities, with their fine public buildings, and harbors filled with ships, did not then exist, at least not in their present state. The coffee and cinnamon plantations did not flourish, nor did the railway wind through the valleys and among the mountains, as at present. All these adjuncts of civilization were brought in by the white-faced foreigners. But Lauka, the land of abundance, must have been surpassingly lovely even in its primitive state. With its many kinds of palm-trees, its valleys and mountains covered with wild cinnamon, coffee, and rice; its abundance of fruit, its extreme fertility, and small demand for labor, it is no wonder that when the Mohammedans discovered it they deemed it the veritable site of the garden of Eden, where "out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."

Ceylon is also rich in gems and pearls,

or rather was so in those days; but the latter have grown scarce of late, and the British Government has been obliged to protect the pearl-fisheries by prohibiting their use and keeping strict guard over them, in the hope that they may, in time, regain their former value. It is supposed that Ceylon is part of the country known to the Hebrews as Ophir. It is called pearliform, and is really shaped like the old style ear-drop, and may be called a pendant of Hindoostan. It is a small island, two hundred and seventy miles long by two hundred and forty wide, with a circumference of seven hundred and sixty miles. The sun rises about five and a half hours earlier than in England; light from six to six nearly all the year round; about half an hour longer in June than in December. The interior of the island is very mountainous, affording fine sanatoria for the European residents. Kandy, formerly the capital of a fierce and warlike tribe of heathens, is a place of frequent resort. It is only 1,670 feet above the level of the sea, and the heat during the day is as great as at Colombo, but the nights are cool and refreshing. It has a lovely artificial lake, which adds considerably to the attractions of the place.

Newera Ellia, another sanitarium, is much higher, the mountains in its neighborhood varying from 7,000 to 8,000 feet in height. Adam's Peak, or Samanala, a mountain 7,352 feet above the sea level, is the most celebrated part of the island. The Mohammedans gave the first-mentioned name to the mountain. They believe that Adam stood on the top of it to take a last look at his beloved Eden, fairer than ever as he saw it for the last time, and then, when God spake the word that expelled him from Paradise, he sprang off the mountain and crossed over by some rocks, called Adam's bridge, to the continent, leaving the impress of his last footstep on the top of

the mountain! There certainly is a cavity, on the peak, said to be a little less than a cubit in length, which, by the exercise of a great deal of faith and imagination, might be called a footprint! A Mahomedan writer terms the two paths leading to the top of the mountain "the paths of papa and mamma," Adam and Eve. The Hindoos also regard the mountain as sacred. They call it Swargahanam, that is, the ascent to heaven. The mysterious footprint was made, they say, by the burning foot of their god, Shiva, the destroyer.

But to the Buddhists this mountain is pre-eminently precious and sacred. According to their traditions, Buddha at one time flew from Ceylon to Siam. Rising from a spot near Colombo, he passed over this mountain, resting one foot for a moment on its top, and left the impress of his foot as a seal to show that Lauka is the inheritance of Buddha. The Buddhists gave the name "Samanala" to the mountain from a supposed demon called Saman, who lived at its base. Mohammedans, Hindoos, and Buddhists, from Ceylon and the southern portion of the continent, make annual pilgrimages to Adam's Peak; but the Buddhists alone have a temple on its summit.

How vain appear all these traditions to the Christian! and yet they show us how strong is the tendency of the human heart to search out and worship some mysterious principle or being, supposed to be all-pervading and all-powerful. How strange it seems that the light which, we are told, "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," does not show to the teeming millions of India and beautiful Ceylon the holy and divine nature of the great God who created so much beauty and grandeur!

We sing that grand missionary hymn of the sainted Heber; but one must see the lovely island of Ceylon, and become acquainted with its heathen inhabitants, who never "look through nature up to nature's God," but content themselves with the senseless follies of idol-

atry, in order fully to appreciate the force of the lines,

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone;"

and often the question arises in our minds "How came this state of things to exist?" Is it because the people of old chose darkness rather than light, because they did not like to retain God—the true God—in their knowledge, and that at last even he wearied of their folly and left them to believe a lie?

We can not solve the problem; but we believe that there is yet hope for the heathen world, and that many from among these dark heathen shall hear the Gospel message and receive it gladly; and the self-righteous Buddhist and arrogant "twice born" Brahmin shall, side by side with the despised Sudras and the deluded followers of the false prophet, wash in the fountain that is opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, and be born again of water and of the spirit.

In the thirteenth century intermarriages between Hindoos of the continent and Ceylon were more frequent than now, and it so came to pass that Padmanee, the beautiful daughter of Hameer Lauk, who then reigned over a portion of Ceylon, was betrothed and afterward married to a prince of Chitôre, the uncle and protector of the heir apparent, who was a child. For a few years Padmanee lived in peace and happiness with her husband, and grew so beautiful that the fame of her charms was spread through all the country round about. But a dark cloud was spreading over the political horizon of Hindoostan, which was destined to bring swift and sure destruction to many a flourishing city and happy home, and among them to the celebrated city of Chitôre, and the home of Padmanee.

In the year 1294, a century after the Mohammedans had gained a firm footing

in Upper India. Allah-oo-Deen, the nephew and general of Firoz Shah, the reigning King of Delhi, pursued the Mohammedan conquests across the Nerbudda River, into that section of India known as the Deccan or Dakhan, "the South."

The victorious army of the Moslems halted before Chitore and laid siege to the city. But the Hindoos were well-prepared for the siege. In those troublous times the cities were always strongly fortified and well-provisioned, and Chitore was no exception to the general rule. The siege lasted a long time without any perceptible impression being made on the city. Then occurred, according to Hindoo traditions, the following strange event: The Mohammedan general sent a flag of truce to the Raja, and, admitting to him that the main object of the expedition was to obtain possession of his beautiful Ranee, made this very singular proposal—that he would depart from the country if he might first be permitted to behold the extraordinary beauty of Padmanee by means of mirrors!

This request was at first refused; but at length the temptation to get rid of the troublesome invader by this easy way proved too great. The Raja notified the Mohammedan general that his request would be acceded to, and a day was appointed for him to be admitted to the city. He came attended by only a slight guard, and had his wish gratified. The Raja was pleased and flattered by the trust reposed in his honor shown by the fearlessness of the Mohammedan general in coming into the city with so few attendants; and to show that he had equal confidence in the integrity of his rival, he accompanied him just outside the gate of the city, Allah-oo-Deen meanwhile occupying his attention by profuse apologies and acknowledgments. Suddenly, however, the scene changed! A band of soldiers was secreted outside, who seized the Raja and hurried him off to the Mohammedan camp. A message was immediately sent to the city that the Raja would be given up at once if the

people would deliver Padmanee into the hands of the Mohammedans.

The Hindoos held a council, and, with Padmanee's aid, concocted a plan to overreach the wily marauders with their own weapons. Word was returned that as soon as the Mohammedan army would withdraw from their trenches, the Ranee would, with her retinue of maidens and personal effects, proceed to their camp. Allah-oo-Deen withdrew from his siege-works immediately, and encamped at some distance from the city. At the time appointed, the Ranee with her train left the city in seven hundred palanquins. In each palanquin was a soldier, borne by six soldiers, in the shabby undress of palanquin-bearers, beneath which arms were secreted. When they reached the camp, the palanquins were all deposited within the cloth walls surrounding the tents appointed for the reception of the Ranee. The Raja was then allowed to take leave of his wife, and half an hour was granted them for a parting interview; but, instead of improving the time in that way, they made good their retreat into the city, under the protection of the disguised soldiers!

Too late, Allah-oo-Deen learned that his high-minded foes *could* stoop to stratagem when dealing with rogues! He then withdrew his army from Chitore, and, after a series of conquests of smaller Hindoo kingdoms, returned to Delhi laden with the spoils of the wealthy cities he had captured. He had been absent one year from Delhi, and, on his arrival, was met just outside the city by his uncle, Firoz Shah. The aged King was delighted to meet his victorious nephew, and was affectionately patting him on the cheek, when assassins, who had been posted in ambush by Allah-oo-Deen, rushed upon him and put him to death! Allah-oo-Deen then hastened to the fort and seized the throne. He endeavored, by instituting public games and amusements, to make the people forget the crime by means of which he had become their ruler; but he did not succeed. Province after province rebelled; but

were all subjugated by his prompt energy. In 1297, he invaded Guzerat, which was, up to this time, governed by Hindoos. He swept away every vestige of their power, destroyed their principal temples and idols, and erected Mohammedan mosques in the most prominent places. The Ranee of Guzerat, a most beautiful woman, was taken from her husband, and made the queen of the ruthless king.

It is evident that Allah-oo-Deen still kept his eye upon Chitore; but, owing to the time occupied in conquering Guzerat, and a fierce invasion of the Moguls, who came rushing down upon Delhi like a mountain-torrent in 1298, he did not find an opportunity to march upon it till 1303. This time he had an immense army against which the brave Hindoos of Chitore had no chance of success. They therefore resolved they would all perish! The women, led by the lovely Padmanee, still in the bloom of youth, were all burned to death.

Historians differ a little in regard to the way this was accomplished; but all agree as to the fact. The old Hindoo

historians say that the fire was kindled in a large subterranean passage under the fort, and that all the women of the city, several thousands in number, with the Ranee at their head, then solemnly marched into the cavern, and the door was closed upon them, and they were left to their terrible fate.

When this dreadful part of the tragedy was complete, the Raja, with his army, threw open the gates of the city, and fell upon the enemy, and fought until all obtained the death they sought. The Mohammedans, enraged by thus losing all their human prey, destroyed the whole city, except the royal residence, where the Raja and his beautiful Ranee had resided. It was spared out of respect to her memory.

Thus ended the brief life of Padmanee the Beautiful. Her sad story is related by Hindoo parents to their children up to the present time; and, as they grieve over Hindoo supremacy, so long passed away, they weep for the beautiful woman who, with thousands of others, passed away with it in a chariot of fire.

MRS. E. J. HUMPHREY.

HELEN'S GOLDEN TRIPOD.

AFTER the fall of Troy, amid the *débris* of its ruined walls, smoldering temples, and palaces drenched with the blood of the slain, Priam, with many of his followers and children, lay buried. His wife and daughters had been carried captive by their insolent conquerors, whilst many of these conquerors had perished upon the sea, or were yet miserable wanderers from shore to shore, at the mercy of wind and wave. In fine, whilst in these Trojan fields, Achilles, Hector, the son of Telamon, and others were sleeping in the dust, mingling their ashes with those of their enemies in one vast tomb, Helen and Menelaus, reunited

and reconciled, were returning quietly and gladly to Lacedæmonia; she oftentimes gently chiding him for believing her unfaithful, he excusing himself for having given credence to false appearances, and promising never again to doubt her love—each finding a world of contentment and happiness in the other, and only a little regretful that so small a matter had given rise to such wide-spread calamity. Thus they journeyed until, in passing, the Cyclades, they were assailed by a violent tempest which, in its fury, threatened to dash their vessel against the rocks of the island of Cos; then, in their peril and despair, they made a vow unto Neptune,

"O, most inconstant of the immortal gods," said Helen, in subdued, persuasive tones, "have mercy upon and protect the woman whose weak, uncertain nature resembles thine." With these words she offered to the great sea-god a beautiful golden tripod, which she had saved from the pillage of Troy, throwing the appeasing sacrifice far out into the ocean; and immediately the wind lulled, the waves ceased to roar, and they continued their voyage in safety.

Six hundred years pass away, and again a ship from Miletus coming near the isle of Cos, at the moment when a fisherman was casting his net into the sea, the Milesians proposed to buy from the poor man the next haul of his net, as it might chance to be, good or bad. He consented; the full net was soon drawn ashore, and lo! at the bottom lay the golden tripod of the beautiful and unfortunate Helen.

Thus she once more became the innocent cause of strife and contention; for immediately there sprung up a fierce dispute over the treasure, between the islands of Cos and Miletus—the one declaring that the fisherman only designed to sell his fish, whilst the others maintained their right, by purchase, to all the net inclosed. War seemed inevitable. At last they had recourse to the Delphic Oracle. The Pythoness settled the dispute, and quieted the combatants, by ordering that the tripod should be presented to the wisest of the seven wise men of Greece. This question was hardly less difficult of solution. Who was the wisest of the wise? After long deliberation one of the contestants suggested that the wise men themselves might possibly throw some light on their difficulty, and proposed that they should, without delay, begin with the nearest.

"Thales is in our own island of Miletus; let us go first to him with our offering." Accordingly, they repaired to the house of the wise man, and one selected to address him, thus began: "O, thou whose genius has penetrated the bosom of nature, and robbed her of profound-

est secrets; thou who hast discovered the all-important truth, that water is primarily the principle of other elements; thou who hast given to the world a universal soul, and hast taught us that this soul is united to and inherent in all matter, even as the soul of man is united to his body,—if all this be true, O divine Thales, receive from us this 'golden tripod,' which Apollo has decreed to the wisest of the wise." "My friends," replied Thales, "if all this were indeed true, and I believed what I teach, I should be truly wise; but so far am I from having divined the great enigma of life, either within or without, I am not wiser than yourselves. I have taught a theory of the schools, but with Apollo, since it is he who has sent you, I dare not dissimulate. I have never succeeded in evolving the element of fire from water, and can not comprehend how the light and heat of the sun emanate from this so-called first and only element. The soul I have given to the universe, as its motive power, would certainly be a beautiful thing if I were able to explain how this universal soul can be the same in the vulture and the dove, in the tiger and the elephant; but this is a problem I can not solve; the unity of the soul's essence, and yet the infinite diversity of its characteristics, confuses me. Curious speculation is not science; and the studies into which I have plunged are such as to man's feeble reason must ever appear an immense void, or a vast obscurity. That which men call wisdom should rather be termed folly, for I have endeavored to explain what it is not given to man to know. However, in order not to discourage my disciples, and hoping that in time some little corner of the veil may be raised, I present to them an example of patience and courage, whilst I often feel lost in the very pathway I have traced for them. Carry your offering to Solon; his study is mankind, and his object is to render them just, happy, and good."

The deputies embarked for Attica, going at once to the house of Solon, and,

addressing him as the "wisest of the wise," they offered to him the golden tripod.

"You have chosen well your moment," said the great Athenian law-giver, "for I have, at this very time, sufficient proof of my folly, having just returned from the public square, where I found every body discontented. The seamen complain that I have favored only the country people, whilst they, in their turn, declare that no favor is shown save to the citizen; and the city is more dissatisfied than either. Each class wishes laws made for their especial benefit and to the detriment of all others. But that is not the worst; for at home I have no repose, and can not make my own household contented and happy."

Solon then pointed to a young and beautiful slave, who was weeping and moaning in one corner of the apartment, and explained to them her ingratitude for all his benefactions, inasmuch as she never ceased weeping, and reproaching him for not giving her liberty and permission to love and marry a handsome youth who was devoted to her. This young man, he told them, was a *protégé* upon whom he had heaped innumerable favors, instructing and guiding him in all things; and yet he now presumed to discuss and differ with him upon points of established law and order—often repeating the words of the Scythian Anacharsis that "laws are like spider-webs: small flies only can be held by them; larger ones always escape."

"Now, you must acknowledge that one who has so signally failed in satisfying any class by his administration of law and justice is not the wise man for whom you seek, especially when you see him thwarted, vexed, and mocked by a household of younger heads. Go to Thales of Miletus, for he does truly possess his soul in peace, and is happy within himself."

"We began with him," replied the deputies; "but he, like yourself, is convinced of his folly."

"Ah! has he also a lovely little slave

that enrages him, an ungrateful coxcomb who flatters and caresses her, and a discontented people whom he can not satisfy?"

"No; but he has quite as much trouble in combining the elements, and his folly consists in trying to explain what can not be understood."

"Go, then, to Bias," said Solon; "he lives a quiet, retired life in the little village of Priene, and troubles himself only in solving enigmas for the King of Egypt, or guessing riddles for the King of Ethiopia. As for the mysteries of nature he declares he can not comprehend them. He allows the world to go on just as he finds it, without criticism; and in order to be entirely free from care he has renounced science, riches, and worldly honors."

They immediately sought Bias of Priene. "Ah, my friends," said he, as soon as he saw them, "you have doubtless brought me some good news; perhaps you have found my dog, or may be able to tell me who has stolen him."

The deputies assured him they knew nothing of the missing dog.

"What, then, could have brought you to the house of a poor, desolate man?"

They told him that by the order of the Oracle of Delphi, they had brought him a golden tripod.

"A golden tripod for me? what can I do with it? Ah! I only wish the Oracle, who knows every thing, had told me where to find my dog. I had only that one friend in the world, and they have taken him from me; what inhuman barbarity! I have given up every thing—honor, fortune, employment. With my own hands I have cultivated my little garden and fields; but my dog was always near me. We loved each other, and were happy living and talking together. The envious could not spare me even this enjoyment. They have separated us; they have stolen my dog, my only friend. Perhaps they have killed him! No, no! I will not believe that there can be a human being so cruel, so wicked!"

"The loss of a faithful dog is certainly a misfortune," said one of the Milesians; "but can it be so great as you represent it to be?"

"Yes: very great for me, who had nothing else. There is no disgrace which I have not endured without a murmur. Neglected in my own city, after having served it faithfully, I retired from public affairs to this little corner of the earth. My wife deceived me; I asked for no sympathy. My children neglected and deserted me; I forgave them. Have I not been patient? And now that they have taken from me my last friend, is it strange that my patience is exhausted? I confess I have no longer any interest or pleasure in the world."

"How! can it be," said one of the deputies, "that the wisest of the wise will allow so small a stumbling-block to make him miserable?"

"The wisest of the wise! and why do you speak thus? Have I ever claimed such distinction? Surely I have never exhibited such folly."

"And yet if we ask who is the wisest man, every body cries out, 'It is Bias! it is Bias!' and if Bias allows himself thus to be overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of a dog, the world will be greatly amazed."

"Well, the world has been deceived. Bias is only an inoffensive man, who has been injured, and who feels grieved by the injury. If you want a firm, undaunted soul, whose mettle no misfortune can affect, go to the Spartan Chilon."

"We will proceed at once to Lacedæmonia," said the deputies.

Arriving, they immediately inquired for the house of the man so renowned for wisdom and consistency, and were told he had gone to Pisa to take part in the Olympic games. Without delay, they set out for Pisa, and arrived in time to witness a contest for the prizes in wrestling and boxing. Very soon they discovered Chilon, greatly absorbed in a wrestling-match between two athletes, of whom one was his own son, Epitlide, and the other the famous Glicon, already crowned victor in the chariot races. The ardent,

steady gaze of the Spartan observed every movement of the combatants; the muscles of his own body responded to the workings and contortions of theirs; a slight movement of his eyelids noted the one and the other alternately; his forehead streamed with perspiration; his hands, resting firmly upon his knees, stiffened visibly each time his son closed tightly with his adversary, and trembled painfully when he saw him falter or waver. For more than an hour the combat continued, increasing constantly in violence, when, at last, Glicon was overcome, and the inclosure rang and resounded with the cry: "Epitlide, son of Chilon, is victor!"

Then the father, exhausted and overwhelmed by his emotion, fell back, pale and speechless, into the arms of his friends. They thought he had died of joy; but soon found that he had only fainted, and they bore him away to his tent with the look of death upon his colorless face. After he had recovered his senses, and embraced his victorious son, the deputies waited upon him, and, thinking to announce a triumph still more flattering, they offered to him the golden tripod, saying that it had been sent by Apollo to the "wisest of the wise."

"You mock me," said the Spartan, "or perhaps you are ignorant of the fact that the wisest are such as ever possess their soul in perfect equanimity without allowing the supremacy of a single passion or strong emotion. I have indeed conquered a few of the most formidable—ambition, envy, avarice, anger—and yet behold me overcome by that which I feared the least. Fortune has discovered my weakest point; she has made me a spectacle for all Greece, like a child with whom she sports at will; and they have beheld me almost dying of joy for the most trifling of her favors."

"Nothing is more natural or more excusable in a father," replied the deputies.

"O no; do not flatter me thus," said Chilon; "it is a weakness only. What! because my son has more activity and strength of muscle than another, shall I

have so little strength of soul as to lose all self-control when he is announced victor in a wrestling-match? How would it be if, after a battle, he were returned to my arms covered with dust and blood, yet victorious? He who allows himself to be overwhelmed by good fortune, would be still more moved by evil tidings. And what will the women of Lacedæmonia say of me? they who quietly return thanks to the gods when their sons are brought back pierced with wounds and stretched upon their shields? Go, present your offering to my neighbor, Phizon, who is not like me, an imbecile, vain old man."

Phizon was a kind of solitary bear, so very savage that his fellow-citizens scarcely dared approach him. The deputies salute him, and present the golden tripod.

"Pass on," said he, with a peculiarly brusque, indifferent air; "Apollo knows all men; and I am not the wise one to whom he has sent you; nor do I desire a golden tripod in which to boil my broth."

"We have heard," said they, "that you despise riches, self-indulgence, and voluptuousness; that you give to the Spartans the example of an austere life; and, trampling under foot the vices, pleasures, and vanities of the world, you place all the senses under the dominion of untrammelled reason and a lofty soul; for these considerations we thought to obey the oracle by presenting to you a gift reserved for the wisest of men."

"I would accept it," said he, "if I believed of myself one-fourth of what you have declared; but the gods see too clearly into the depths of every soul for me to assume to be better than I really am. They call me a misanthrope, and justly; but if I hate all mankind, I am not exempt from this universal contempt, and there is no one with whom I am so thoroughly discontented as myself.

"You are too modest," they replied.

"No, I am only speaking the truth. At first I was persuaded that a man enjoying the society of other men was unnatural and false, and thinking to render

myself better and happier, I became a savage. Weariness, and a sad, restless heart, have undeceived me; but my position was taken, my character announced, and it must be sustained. I increased for myself the austerity of Spartan living, and thus am thought to despise every comfort and blessing more than they. Why should I be troubled or annoyed by the enjoyment which the world finds in the so-called false pleasures of life? What harm can I receive from the artistic taste of Corinth and Athens, the luxury of Asia, or the voluptuous indulgence of the sybarites? I have too much ill-humor to be truly wise. If I were very happy in my frugality, why should I deem it unworthy for another to find happiness in opulence and luxury? I regarded the festivities, games, and rejoicings of my neighbors with contempt; but was I for that reason justified in becoming a beggar? A wise man is one who, content with the destiny which the gods, fortune, or the choice of his own reason, has assigned him, allows the world to live according to their own preference. I have examined my heart, and find at the bottom only misanthropy, envy, spite, and ill-will. Excuse me then from accepting a prize of which I am not worthy, and see, in the island of Rhodes, if Cleobulus of Lindi is not the man for whom you seek. He enjoys the happiness of a sober, peaceful life; possessed of riches, which he uses well, he is contented and free, and glad to see others enjoy a like freedom and comfort."

"You are right," replied the deputies; "the man who knows how to enjoy riches and worldly honor, without abusing his privileges, is certainly the wisest."

They departed for Lindas, where Cleobulus had just been placed at the head of public affairs. Pausing in the vestibule of the palace, they saw approaching them, with deliberate, graceful step, a beautiful young girl, becomingly attired in a robe of linen white as snow, her hair floating in waves of gold around an exquisite neck white as ivory, and a face beaming with the candor and loveliness

of her character. This was the charming Eumetis, one of the most celebrated women of whom time has taken care to preserve the memory. She was the daughter of Cleobulus, and the people delighted to call her "Cleobuline." The faithful adviser of her father, she shared his glory and filled his heart. When the deputies had made themselves known,—

"Strangers," said she, inviting them to enter the palace, "you will not be offended if my father keeps you waiting a short time. At this moment he is giving audience to his people, and you would not, I am sure, have him abridge aught of his sacred duties; as soon as he is at liberty, I will announce you."

Then entering into conversation with them, she discussed the manners, laws, customs, commerce, and rivalries of the different States of Greece with so much wisdom and intellectual vigor, that they felt tempted to offer her the tripod designed for the father.

"Ah!" said one of the deputies, "you certainly well deserve the eulogy pronounced by Thales in the palace of Periander at Corinth, when he declared you altogether worthy to rule a great kingdom. Happy, thrice happy, must be the people governed by a father possessing such a daughter. Surely this king is the wise man to whom Apollo has instructed us to bring his offering."

Then they related the adventure of the golden tripod.

"Ah! I very much fear," said she, "that my father will refuse your offering; he has so exalted an idea of true wisdom that he is very far from believing he will ever attain it."

Saying these words, she saw the crowd passing out of the palace, and studiously observing their faces, she exclaimed: "Heaven be praised! every one looks contented!" then, with light, joyous step, she turned to her father.

"Ah!" said Cleobulus, "how fatiguing! I have no strength left. Thou hast well said, my daughter, this position is not enviable. These people all want to reign; there is scarcely one who does

not feel that in giving me his vote he has resigned a place to which he is most eligible, and at least should be selected to fill a place in my council. They are all the wisest of politicians, military men, statesmen, and merchants—and what am I? The most ignorant is, in his own esteem, best fitted to govern!"

Cleobuline embraced him with charming *naïveté*, saying:

"Come, father, only have a little patience. Common sense is a rare jewel, self-love is always foolish enough to believe any thing; but if all the world were wise we would have no need of kings. Did you listen to them all?"

"Yes: I refused no one."

"Ah, well, take courage, my father; they will become reasonable in time, and permit you to make them happy. Now, come and receive some strangers who await you, sent by the Delphic Apollo; they have come to present to you a very precious gift."

When the deputies had pronounced an elaborate speech, Cleobulus, astonished and confused by the honor they desired to confer, exclaimed:

"Have you not a Thales in Miletus, a Solon in Athens, and Chilon in Lacedæmonia, all wiser than I?"

"What shall we do?" replied one of the deputies. "We have seen them all, and they toss the honor from one to the other like a foot-ball. There is not one who will agree that he is wise, and each one pretends to have some weakness or secret folly."

"And I," said Cleobulus, "have I not mine also? My wisdom, of which you speak, there it is!" pointing to his daughter. "It is she whose gentle, conciliatory temper softens the asperity of my mind and manners. Look at that frank, noble countenance, where grace, sensibility, and simplicity are so beautifully blended with the freshness and naturalness of youth, and a heart full of courage, strength, and piety. If I have any thing of which to boast, intellectually or morally, I owe it all to her; without her I would be insufferable."

"O, my father, what are you saying!" exclaimed Cleobuline.

"The truth, my daughter. One should speak the truth, only, to ambassadors of the immortal gods, from whom nothing is concealed. Yes, gentlemen, I am afflicted with an incurable malady; namely, an invincible antipathy to at least half the world; for I can not endure weak, foolish, self-satisfied people. I have traveled over the length and breadth of the land to avoid them, but in vain. I find them every-where, and they make me miserable. Like a swarm of flies, they seem to follow and surround me. Tired of fleeing from them, I have yielded to the wishes of my countrymen; but I can not become accustomed to it."

"That is true," said one of the deputies; "fools make up a very troublesome, disagreeable class of people in every country; but they are not so much to be dreaded as the malicious and willfully wicked."

"Well," replied Cleobulus, "in that case we have some consolation in the assurance that, sooner or later, the law will avenge us; we know they will be punished as a nuisance when they become unbearable or injurious. But fools!—ah! they are indestructible, and too numerous to be punished; no law can reach them."

"Why should they so annoy and vex you, Cleobulus? How do they injure you more than others?"

"That is exactly the question I constantly ask, without being able to answer it; yet as far as I can see one I am affected by him. I become nervous; my very blood is on fire, and before I hear him speak I discern his folly. Their self-satisfied, meritorious air; their complaisance, and disregard of the opinions of others; the eagerness with which they cut short the words of one really well-informed, in order to teach him something of which they have no knowledge; the presumption and tone of triumph in their assured success, accepting as facts unprecedented extravagancies, or the most trifling absurdities,—all this puts me in despair."

"You are right," said they. "This is true; such people are insufferable."

"No: I am not right. I am convinced that my impatience is a weakness; for these tortured, twisted intellects must be looked for, just as we expect to find a variety of trees in a forest—all can not be straight like the cedar. Fools are the brambles and briers of the forest, and we find them every-where—in the midst of the strong, the grand, and the beautiful. Pity, then, a poor, feeble man who can not have patience with the folly he must meet in the world, and go seek your wise man in Lesbos, where Pittacus, with admirable patience, listens to the complaints, and redresses the grievances, of all alike, and never returns from an audience with quivering nerves and fevered brain. If there is a wise man in all Greece, it is Pittacus."

Much fatigued by their fruitless efforts and weary travel, the deputies passed on to Lesbos; but, before seeing Pittacus, they wished to get a glimpse of his island, and, after going over the whole of it, they returned to Mytilene, where the king made his home.

"Sovereign of this happy island," said they, "in all the cities through which we have passed, in Methymne, Antisse, and especially in Mytilene and its vicinity, we have seen a love of labor, a picture of abundance, flourishing commerce and agriculture, order and system in every department, perfect security, and happy tranquillity. This spectacle is your highest praise, and surely entitles you to the gift which Apollo has destined for the wisest of the wise; accept, then, O great and good king of Lesbos, this golden tripod."

"If the oracle demanded only a just and good sovereign, I believe I am that; but a 'wise man' is quite another thing. Dine with me; after our repast I will tell you why I may not call myself wise."

The dinner was simple and frugal; but the air of kindness and affability so natural to this prince, the amiable cheerfulness of his children, and, above all, the noble, tender grace of their mother,

Amasella, the most beautiful woman of the island, was worth more than mere luxury; and Pittacus, thus surrounded by his family, would have appeared the happiest of men, except for a shade of melancholy, which cast a gloom over his whole countenance. They related to him the story of the tripod, and the singular refusal of all the wise men to accept it.

"Thus," said he, "you find that every body has, within his own bosom, a judge severer and more inexorable than envy itself. Ah! believe me they all deserve their renown, and merit well the reverence they receive. They have not, in their own kingdom, an obstinate detractor, who persists in denouncing them as corrupt traitors. That misfortune was reserved for me alone."

At these words a profound sigh escaped him, and, after prolonged silence, he asked the deputies if the verses of Alcæus were sung throughout Greece. They assured him that those verses were regarded as insolent and malicious, and injured only the poet who dared to make them.

"Ah!" said the Queen, "hear that! I knew it must be so. This evil genius is well known; and the bitterness with which his soul is filled poisons himself alone. Let us forgive his folly, and forget him forever."

"Yes," he replied, "I can believe that the satirist is despised; and yet the satire remains in the memory, for every one has learned to repeat the verses of this truly wonderful poet."

When they arose from the table, the Queen, with her children, retired to their apartments, and Pittacus invited the deputies to stroll with him through the gardens of the palace.

"Heaven is my witness," said he, "that in accepting this kingdom at the hands of the people, I have yielded to the wishes of the greatest number, with a desire to secure the greatest good. I have done for them all that the tenderest father could do for beloved children; yet, notwithstanding all my efforts, Alcæus has not ceased to blacken my character, and

instill the poison of calumny into their minds. My laws are called chains, my authority a yoke of servitude, my kindness an allurements, the better to secure some evil end; the very clemency I have exercised toward him is imputed to fear of blame, or a servile love of flattery. And why all this vituperation? I have not usurped the throne, which he seems to regard with a flaming eye of range and jealousy. How have I rendered myself odious to him? No other than he in all Lesbos has accused me of tyranny and oppression. Yet these verses will go down to posterity, painting my character in colors of darkest dye. Ah yes! the gods have punished me by bestowing the gift of poetic genius upon an unworthy wretch. How signally does he refute the vulgar fable that serpents feeding upon the herbage of the Helicon lose their venom! His heart is filled with the poison of the viper, and he has spread its baleful influence throughout Greece."

The deputies endeavored to persuade him that his fame rested upon too solid a foundation, and very soon this false accuser must be confounded.

"Who has ever raised his voice more effectively against tyranny? It is to you men attribute that remarkable reply to the question, What animal is most to be feared: 'Among savage beasts, the tyrant; among domestic animals, the flatterer.' After so memorable and wise a reply, can you think men will believe you capable of tyranny?"

"I shall not afford an opportunity for false accusation, and in resigning my scepter, I am ready to give an account of the use I have made of authority."

"And will you, O wise and great Pittacus, for fear of one miserable detractor, resign the power reposed in you by a happy, prosperous people?"

"Yes: I shall abdicate simply to refute this calumny. The Lesbians need me a little longer, I know. The very peace and abundance I have procured for them may be their ruin; the attendant vices of idleness and effeminacy might soon corrupt and enslave them. The wisest citi-

zens are aware of this, and implore my protection; but my weakness is such that, although ten thousand voices are raised to bless my mild and prosperous reign, a single wicked, false accuser has poisoned all the happiness that should fill my heart. These people who bless me will pass away, their benediction and their love will perish with them; but the words of the poet Alcæus will live from age to age. In the silence of the night his infamous yet burning words, sparkling with genius, and full of raging scorn, with the peculiar melody of their rythmical meter, resound in my ear. In my dreams, I hear him chanting to the music of his lyre, and, ever and anon, comes the refrain, startling me out of my slumber with those dreadful words: "Cease, weak and foolish Lesbians, cease to serve a tyrant!" O no; I have not the strength of wisdom, that strength which can trample upon and crush the serpents of envy and calumny, walking straight forward with firm step in the path of duty. If I were truly wise, Alcæus would insult me in vain. I should leave him in the hands of public opinion, and be happy in the good I have done, and yet hope to achieve, for my people. On the contrary, I am uneasy, agitated, and troubled as a child; like a timid deer rushing through a forest, frightened and distressed by the rustle of a leaf or the breaking of a twig. Take away your golden tripod; the weak and pusillanimous Pittacus does not deserve it."

"To whom shall we go, then?" inquired the deputies.

"To Periander, of Corinth," replied the King of Lesbos. "Periander does not pretend to be one of the wise men, but he wishes to resemble them. He knows them well; they often assemble at his banquets, and he understands them better than any one I know. Go to him, and demand in the name of Apollo that he invite the wise men of Greece to sup with him. There, glass in hand, and the golden tripod before them, they may decide to whom this reward of wisdom shall be presented."

This counsel was followed. The wise men were convened by Periander at an early day, and I need not say that the deputies of Cos and Miletus were present. Toward the close of the repast, the tripod, crowned with flowers, was placed upon the table.

"And now," said Periander, "each one shall give a definition of wisdom, and the prize shall be bestowed upon him who unites in the highest degree all the characteristics of the truly wise. You shall be judged by your peers."

According to the custom upon festive occasions, each one spoke in turn. The first defined wisdom "An undisturbed equanimity of soul under any and all circumstances." Another, "A profound knowledge of one's self, so exercised as to render him better and happier." Another, "Moderation in all our desires and wishes, so as never to exceed the actual necessities of life." Another, "The power to regulate the present and prepare for the future by the experience of the past." Still another, "Strength of soul to resist every temptation of the passions." And another, "The absolute supremacy of reason over will." Bias closed the circle, and when his turn came to speak, "Wisdom," said he, "is all these combined; from which I conclude that true wisdom dwells not among men, but belongs to the immortal gods alone; and few of them, indeed, possess it supremely. For this reason I think it best to return the tripod to the god who sent it; for to him it rightly belongs."

This advice was acted upon; and "Helen's Golden Tripod" was consecrated in the temple at Delphi, where it has since served as the seat of the inspired Pytho-ness.

When this difficult question was finally settled, the deputies congratulated Bias upon the triumph of his opinion over all the others.

"Congratulate me," said he, "upon a better fortune. I am the happiest of men. I have found my dog, and desire nothing more."

FROM THE FRENCH.

SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

AN autobiographical sketch, entitled "Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic," just issued by our publishing houses in New York and Cincinnati, introduces to the public the Rev. Louis N. Beaudry, of the Troy Conference; once a Romanist "after the strictest sect of that religion," now a useful Protestant clergyman. In a series of familiar conversations with his family, Mr. Beaudry traces out, step by step, the workings of his soul in its transition from darkness into light. While giving to the Romish Church its full measure of credit for the sound doctrine it theoretically possesses, and to its members for sincerity in belief; for care taken in the indoctrinating of the young; and for faithful observance, not only of the rules, but of the devotional exercises of the Church, he yet shows how the spirit and power of true religion have been sunk in the mere ceremony and outward form, and that the commandments and traditions of men have been followed, rather than the Word of God.

Of his early life Mr. Beaudry gives us the following account:

"I was born in the town of Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, August 11, 1833. My parents were French, and the French language was the first I ever spoke. One branch of the family was descended from a long line of warriors, which can be traced backward to the belligerent Franks of ancient Gaul. In modern times they fought in this country at Ticonderoga and Quebec, during the French and Indian War. The other branch, on my mother's side, whose name was Marie Bail de Printemps, presents an almost uninterrupted succession of Roman Catholic religionists. Her grandmother was a fellow-sufferer of 'Evangeline,' the heroine of one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems, in which may be found a picture of the ardent, simple, religious spirit and of the suffer-

ings of those eighteen thousand Acadians, who were driven from their loved country over the entire continent.

"When I was five years old my parents returned to Canada East, their native province, and settled in the town of Henryville, near Lake Champlain. After about six years' residence there, we again removed into my beloved Green Mountain State, and two years afterward to Ticonderoga, New York.

"My mother was one of the most earnest and devoted Catholics. Every member of her numerous family of fifteen—nine sons and six daughters—was baptized in early childhood. I was taken to the town of St. Mary, Canada East, many miles from home, to be baptized. Every one of us was thoroughly trained in the teachings of the Church. I was taught many good lessons, which I have never forgotten or rejected, and for which I am truly grateful. The following were the leading principles inculcated; namely, that *religion is a subject of supreme importance*; that, on awaking every morning, I should say 'My God, I give thee my heart'; that after dressing myself I should kneel down and offer my morning prayer; that I should partake of my meals with sobriety and temperance, and not without asking God's blessing upon them; that I should attend public religious services every day, if possible, and apply myself faithfully to my vocation in life, or daily labor; that I should assist the poor according to my means; and that every night I should examine my conscience, and offer my evening prayer.

"But while I was schooled in these wholesome Christian truths, I was also taught to *hate and shun Protestants*. More stress was laid upon this branch of my education, no doubt, because there were so many Protestants around us. In my early childhood, whenever I heard the sound of a Protestant bell, a holy hor-

ror seemed to fill my soul; and I could have leaped for joy at seeing every Protestant church around us in flames.

"I was told that Protestantism is not only a denial and rejection of all spiritual religion, but a virtual crusade against it; and that, inasmuch as the Catholic Church is the only true one, whoever rejects it rejects God and his Christ, and must be regarded as a 'heathen man and a publican.'

"Le Petit Catechisme du Diocèse de Québec taught me as follows:

"'Are there many Catholic Churches?'

"'No; the only Catholic is the Roman Church, *out of which there is no salvation.*'

"'What must we think of those other societies which call themselves Churches, but do not profess the same faith that we do, and are not subject to the same pastors?'

"'They are *human* institutions, which serve only to lead men astray, and can not bring them to God.'

"The commentary upon this passage was, that Protestantism, referred to here, protests against Christ and his Church, against all law and Gospel. Therefore, I was told that it was a grievous sin, and almost a sacrilege, to read a Protestant book, or to attend their meetings; and that I must shun them as Eve ought to have shunned the tempting serpent. This question is thoroughly discussed in one of the most popular books of instruction in the Church, where may be found the following passage:

"'What if a person, through absolute necessity of his unhappy circumstances, should be tied to a place where he can never hear mass; do you think he might not then be allowed to join in prayer with those of another communion, by way of supplying this defect?'

"'No; certainly.' It is a misfortune, and a great misfortune, to be kept, like David when he was persecuted by Saul, at a distance from the temple of God and its sacred mysteries; but it would be *a crime to join one's self upon that account with an heretical or schismatic con-*

gregation, whose worship God rejects as sacrilegious and impious.'

"I was also urged to do all in my power, making use of every possible means, peacefully if I could, forcefully if I must, to convert Protestants to my faith, and thus aid in the overthrow of the most abominable and damnable heresy ever introduced into our world. I was taught that as Satan plotted and accomplished the fall of the first man, so Protestantism was a plotting to overthrow the second Adam, even Christ. This teaching was so often repeated, and with such religious emphasis, that it became interwoven into the very texture of my mental and moral being, giving peculiar coloring and potency to every thought and feeling, and controlling, with more or less certainty, all my actions.

"The work of converting Protestants is considered by the Pope to be of such importance, that the heavy premium of a plenary indulgence—the highest ever granted—is offered to every true Catholic who daily repeats this brief prayer:

"'Almighty and eternal God, who savest all, and wilt have none to perish, have regard to those souls who are led astray by the deceits of the devil, that, rejecting all error, the hearts of those who err may be converted, and may return to the unity of the truth through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*'

"However, as I grew up to the age when one begins to observe the manners of mankind, I was greatly puzzled to find that the morality of my Protestant neighbors was far superior to my own and to that of my people. They excelled us in acts of charity, were better educated, more refined, industrious, and sober. I discovered that our Protestant neighbors were not only so benevolent that Catholic beggars or paupers would go to them for alms rather than to the wealthy Catholics, or even to our priests, who always lived in the midst of abundance; but that these 'heretics,' as we called them, were also strictly religious. Mingling among them, as we were compelled to do, I found, to my surprise, that many of them

never partook of their meals without invoking God's blessing upon themselves and the food before them. Morning and evening their family circles joined in reading the Bible, also in singing hymns of praise, and in prayer, a very pious practice which I seldom witnessed among Catholics. The hours of the Sabbath were observed very sacredly, mostly in reading religious books and periodicals, and in attending public worship in churches, which I found in every village and hamlet. The contrast between this state of things in Vermont and the noise and dissipation which marked the Sabbath in Canada East, just across the line, made a deep impression on my mind, especially as nothing but the different religions taught in these places could adequately account for these results.

"The Sabbath there was a grand holiday. Rum-taverns and saloons—kept, in many instances by leading members of the Church—were open all day long and thoroughly patronized, except during the hours of mass and vespers. Between these services, in the park right in front of the church, men and boys, and not unfrequently girls, all members of the Church, played marbles, tops, and ball, while fine horses were paraded about the streets to advertise their beauty and speed. I endeavored to reason myself into the belief that this striking contrast between Protestant and Catholic manners might be traced to *natural* causes mainly, such as inherited tendencies, and the different influence of soil, climate, and society amid which one is born and educated. My father took as much pains in teaching us the figures of the dance and the games at cards as my mother did in teaching us to pray. And as we kept a small bakery with a restaurant attached—though we sold no liquor—this state of things brought us no small gain, especially on the Sabbath. Our revenue was greatest in the season of apples, for then our house would be crowded all day long with those who bought our apples, and then gambled at cards, generally in a game called *Loo*. As I was an expert at

the games, I would often win the customers' apples, and keep them buying more. So this sort of *brigandage* would go on throughout the blessed day, from morning till late at night, except during religious services, for these were always strictly and devotionally attended at the sound of the bell; and the greater our pleasures and sins at home, the more earnest would be our prayers at church. And then after vespers, father and mother would repair to the priest's house, and spend the remainder of the day in playing cards with the priest."

Turning from personal reminiscences to the topic in hand, our author proceeds:

"This question of Romanism is just now awakening a deep solicitude in the popular mind of every civilized nation, and especially of our own. It is being discussed on the platform, in the pulpit, and by the press, from nearly every stand-point possible, and not seldom by those who are ignorant of its principles and spirit, and who in not a few cases evince quite other than Christian sentiments. I have long cherished a strong desire to get Catholics and Protestants to hear and read with candor one another's views, or, were it possible, to reason together, assured that, would they do so, much of the misunderstanding between them would soon cease, political animosities would be removed, religious courtesies would be freely exchanged, and no contention would exist among us, save that noble rivalry, or rather emulation, to see who can best work and best agree. All men would feel better pleased with themselves and those around them, if only they were better acquainted with each other. How important, too, in a land like ours, especially where the population is made up of all nationalities, with all degrees of intellectual, social, and moral development, with all shades of political and religious creeds, that men should meet and consult with one another; for in this way only shall we learn that no man is wholly right or wholly wrong. I have sometimes heard Protestants say that Roman Catholic theology

or teaching is wholly heterodox or false; but every essential doctrine taught in the Protestant Churches is also taught in the Catholic Churches. The Apostles' Creed, which is really an epitome of the Gospels, is repeated and believed in all Churches, both Catholic and Protestant, throughout the world, without varying even a word or syllable. The Lord's Prayer—an epitome of prayers—is daily repeated in nearly all the languages of the world, and by all professed Christians. If Catholics would only stop here—and not try to add to that which is divinely perfect—all our religious differences would at once vanish. I am free, however, to say that there is enough good and sound doctrine in the Roman Catholic Church, if properly applied, to save the world.

"The chief corner-stone or principal pillar of strength in the Romish Church is her great attention to children, who, generally when only a few days old, are taken to church and baptized. They are then considered members of the Church."

Resuming his personal narrative, Mr. Beaudry proceeds thus:

"When I was very young, deep religious impressions were made upon my heart. At the age of ten or twelve I was pungently convicted of sin. For many weeks my heart was sad, and every night after retiring I spent hours in meditating upon my sins, and my unpreparedness for eternity, and often wept until my pillow was wet with tears. My soul was in an agony of desire to be freed from its load of sin. I fasted until I well-nigh fainted. Sin! I hated it; I abhorred it. There was no penance I was not willing to perform; and I confidently expected help from the ordinances of God's house. But all my promises of reformation and my prayers, added to those of the priest and his absolution, were in vain. The fountain of my disease had not been reached. I was still a slave, sold under sin. When I made my first communion, I was as truly penitent as it seems to me any one could be. I was taught that confirmation would impart to me the 'Holy Ghost, and make me strong, and

a perfect Christian and soldier of Jesus Christ;' and I was presented for this final seal of discipleship. But alas! what were my subsequent dismay and despair when I discovered that 'I was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.' I was not more wicked than before, but I felt more corruption within. I was taught to expect assistance in 'extreme unction' and 'purgatory.' But these were future, and hence not wholly satisfactory.

"I often visited the church, and went through the *via crucis*, or way of the cross, making prayers at the different stations in the Passion of our Lord, represented by the images on the walls, dolefully dragging myself on my knees around the entire church. I repeated my confessions to the priest, and received the communions; but these I found to my great grief availed me even less than at first, for they became more mechanical, less earnest and real. There were inward cravings and yearnings which found no satisfaction in external rites; for with all my helps in priests and prayers, I was still conscious of dark depravity within. I loathed myself, and found no rest for my soul. But right in the midst of these perplexities it seemed as if Providence smiled on me. A mission was held in our town, and during the meetings, they presented the saving and miraculous influences of the *scapular*, which consists of two bands of woollen stuff worn over the gown, of which one crosses the back or shoulder, and the other the stomach, and is supposed to possess the power of preserving those who carry it, in faith, from accidents and sudden death. I had a wonderful confidence in my scapular. I never, for a single moment, removed it from my body, for fear of dying without it. Still I was wretchedly unhappy, although I was at times extremely gay in society."

Shortly after the death of his father, Mr. Beaudry left home to seek employment, and found a place to work with a neighboring farmer. In the Winter he obtained another place, where he attended

school, and learned to read and write with greater facility. He also studied arithmetic and other branches.

"During the early part of September, 1852, I went," continues Mr. Beaudry, "from Ticonderoga with Joseph Cook to Keeseville, in the northern part of the State, to attend an academy. We arranged to board and room together. On our first Sabbath morning in the place, he said to me: 'Will you go with me to the Presbyterian Church this morning?' I hesitated a moment, and then replied: 'Yes, if you will go to the Catholic Church with me this afternoon.' 'Certainly,' he unhesitatingly answered, showing no prejudice against it. I was not a little perplexed at my dilemma, for I had a dread of going into a Protestant church. But hoping that the harm I might incur would be more than counterbalanced by the good he might receive by going with me—for I greatly desired to convert him to my faith—I finally ratified my engagement and prepared to go with him. The pure simplicity of the place and of the worship made a lasting impression upon my mind. All the praying, preaching, and singing were in a language I perfectly understood, and over all, and through all, there was a fervent, loving spirit which quite captivated me. My religious nature was fed and refreshed. Of one thing I felt quite sure, that these meetings had been misrepresented, whether willfully or ignorantly I could not tell. I was certainly none the worse for having been there.

But I had often vowed to be true to the Church, and so I continued attending her services for several months, though with decreasing interest. I occasionally attended a Protestant Church, and with increasing benefit. It was during these days that I went to a Sunday-school. I had now reached an age when I began to feel ashamed of my ignorance of what then seemed to me the Book of books, and the end of all controversy. It did not satisfy me to tell a man, 'I believe so and so, because the priests tell me so.' I reasoned in this way: 'If the doctrines

of my Church are taught here—and I did not then doubt that they were—the more I study them, the better prepared I shall be to defend them, and to make terrible sorties on the lines of the enemy.' I soon found it to be a wonderful key to unlock the secrets of God's will, and of my inner life.

"The Sword of the Spirit at first seemed to cut in every direction; for while there were passages that appeared to favor the Catholic Church, I soon became greatly alarmed, not so much at the teaching of a single verse, but at the drift of entire paragraphs against it. I found that those who have departed from the 'faith which was once delivered unto the saints,' may be known by two leading characteristics; namely, they 'forbid to marry,' and 'command to abstain from meats.' My fears that this description was directly applicable to the Catholic Church were greatly confirmed when I found in the epistles of Paul the very sentences which identify the priests with this departure from the faith. I endeavored to believe that the bishop's 'wife' meant the Church, which is sometimes called the spouse of Christ, and that his 'children' were the members of the Church. But I read, 'If a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?' However, my fears did not culminate in a panic until I reached the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Revelation. I can not now describe the convictions that came rushing upon me as I read those passages. From indications that lie on the very face of them, and pervade them throughout, came the unavoidable conclusion that the great city spoken of is Rome; that the woman decked with royal purple and scarlet, with the golden chalice in her hand, who was to exert such universal power over the kingdoms of the earth, and who made merchandise of the souls of men, is no other than the Roman Catholic Church. I read the passages carefully, and trembled. I reread them, and then wept. I can not portray the sadness and terror of that moment. Up to this

time, I had entertained hopes that something might yet be able to dissipate my apprehension with regard to errors in the Church.

"But from this time there sprang up in my heart a peculiar attachment to the little Bible which was making such disclosures to me. I felt like saying, 'If I am wrong, let me know it.' The doctrine of images in the churches was one of the first that presented itself for review. I had been taught that we may honor the images of the saints as well as their relics. In all the French Catechisms the Second Commandment is entirely omitted.

"Think of my indignation toward a Church that could purposely be guilty of such gross perversion of truth, when I found the direct command of God against this practice.

"In advancing toward the Christian life, I clung to old things with an almost dogged pertinacity, while my great caution suffered me to accept nothing new without the severest tests. When one doctrine was fairly wrenched from me by the force of truth, another would come up for examination. Prayers before images and to saints having been disposed of, the doctrine of purgatory presented itself for analysis.

"At this point of my investigation I was completely cut loose from Romanism. At first I yielded to a dull despair, which tended to blank infidelity? I had always been taught that the baptism of water had made me a Christian; that I was born again, or regenerated, at the time and in virtue of my baptism. I was now made to feel that this re-creation was the special work of the Holy Ghost, and if I would enjoy this inestimable blessing I must not be ashamed of Christ, but must come out of darkness into the light, and look to him alone for the re-creating power. My spiritual nature was being disencumbered of superstition, and my eyes enlightened to see the path of duty.

"On the evening of Sunday, January 15, 1854, I was induced for the first time to join in prayer and exhortation among

Protestants. I came forward from the congregation to the altar, seeking the Lord. This step identified me as on the side of the Lord, as one not ashamed of him before men. But now the question arose, as if proposed by the Master, whether I was willing to endure, for his sake, the persecution which I knew would come upon me. But my spirit struggled most and longest when I contemplated the effect of my course upon my mother, who would consider this a burning disgrace to the family name, and a stigma upon the Church of my fathers. At length I was enabled to make an unconditional and complete surrender to God, and to count all things 'but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.'

"On the evening of March 19, 1854, as I waited, by saving faith in the promise of my Redeemer, the pure light of God fell from the opening heaven above me, and in my spirit I heard the sweet voice of Jesus say, 'Peace, be still.' The storm ceased, and there was a great calm! I then knew for myself, and not for another, that Jesus's blood had washed away my sins."

Mr. Beaudry promises to continue the conversations with his children, at some future time. Should he do so, we cordially hope that the generous reception accorded to the present interesting work may induce him to place another volume in the hands of the publishers. The book before us breathes a catholicity of spirit rarely witnessed in those who have become converts to a faith not theirs by birthright; the most zealous adherents of any cause usually being its bitterest opponents when circumstances or principle have induced them to forsake their quondam creed. Spiritual struggles is no misnomer. Love for the Romish Church; a sincere belief in her infallibility; a desire to prove the foundation of his faith, combined with an ardent affection for his mother, caused our author weary months of painful watchings, fastings, and prayers, ere he was willing to yield obedience to the voice of the Holy Spirit.

REV. HERMAN M. JOHNSON, D. D.

HERMAN MERRILLS JOHNSON was the fourth of seven sons, and was born in Otsego County, New York, November 25, 1815. His brother, who was his most intimate companion, says he has no remembrance of him, indicative of his future career, unless it be the superior facility with which he accomplished his school tasks. He could pick up no more stone, chop no more wood, climb no higher, and wade no deeper, than any of his brothers. Neither did he manifest any desire for reading; and had he possessed it, with the home library limited to the Bible, dictionary, a few school-books, an almanac, and no newspaper, it must have been ungratified. But the future revealed to what purpose the receptive child had gone to school to nature.

The thrush and robin, singing in the fine old woods on the breezy hills of Otsego, the munificent springs flowing out through meads of daisies and buttercups, the steep roads, the caw of the crow, and the swoop of the hawk and the eagle, and the deep and wildly drifting snows, wrought a better substratum for the boy's education, possibly, than the teeming press could do to-day.

His father was not a religious man, and never had family worship. Church services came only with the circuit preacher, at stated times; and had not his mother been a whole-souled Christian, who took unbounded delight in singing and prayer, he would have been destitute of religious influence and instruction. This influence was felt, and the little Herman often stole away alone in the fields to pray, and, in maturer years, devoted himself to the God of his mother. While still a youth, his father died, and his mother removed to the vicinity of Auburn, New York. Up to this time, he had attended district-school, acquiring only reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar. He now taught a country school, and afterward went to the acad-

emy at Auburn, working for his board, and again teaching.

Here, at the age of seventeen, he was converted, while clerking in a store. Dr. Wentworth was then teaching a select school in Auburn, and one morning, entering the store, said, abruptly:

"Well, Johnson, what are you going to be and do in this world?"

The boy turned away and burst into tears. He saw that he had touched a tender point, and left the subject to be renewed again in an evening stroll, in which young Johnson opened up his heart, and was encouraged to go to Cazenovia Seminary in the Spring, and prepare for college.

From that night with Dr. Wentworth, his aspirations took a decided direction. If they had slumbered before, they were now thoroughly roused, and his chief aim became universal excellence and usefulness. Then began the life-long struggle between the accomplishment of his higher aims and limited means. Then the mental and moral sinew, born of sunny hills and Winter storm and a prayerful childhood, began to show its grip. He went to Cazenovia Seminary, where President Allen, of Girard, was then teacher, who says that Johnson made in his department (the classical) the strides of a giant, leaving his fellows far in the rear. His young mind, used to the running eloquence of the circuit preacher, recognized the same fire in the sententious numbers of the intellectual Romans; and, in the sunny idyls of the Greeks, he wandered at home through the haunts of his boyhood. He inherited the gentleness and dignity characteristic of his mother, which, as he entered spheres of refinement, became that genuine polish for which he was always remarkable. He therefore scrupulously kept the spirit, and observed the rules, of good breeding, of which he was the accomplished master. All culture he sought of manner, mind,

and spirit; but he forgot his health, and made such drafts upon his strength to accomplish his work, as undoubtedly shortened his life and crippled his usefulness.

From Cazenovia he went to the Wesleyan University, Middletown, where he was not only a pupil, but a friend of Dr. Fisk. The fruits of that friendship abounded to all things just, lovely, and true, and filled his subsequent life with hallowed remembrances of his college days. In 1839, he was graduated, and the same year was licensed to preach, and elected to the Chair of Languages at St. Charles College, Missouri. Remaining there three years, he was called to the same chair in Augusta College, Kentucky, and, two years after, was elected Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature in the Ohio Wesleyan University, just then established. Here he remained, loved and honored by his colleagues, until 1850, when he was called to Dickinson College, to fill the Chair of Belles-lettres and English literature, vacated by Dr. Allen for the Presidency of Girard. In 1860, he became President of this college, which position he held till the close of his life, April 5, 1868.

Having chosen the part of an educator, he threw all his forces into the field. He magnified his office, and was successful in its ministrations. To elevate men was the leading force of his mind, and schemes to this end were a large part of his meditations and the theme of frequent conversations with his intimate friends.

We do not think such minds are our most practical ones. It is because they will not, can not, be worldly wise. Dr. Johnson, however, was a workman "to sure issues." He seldom preached without leading some weary inquirer to a certain foothold on the rock. To develop the truth, to give men what they need—that overruled all other considerations when he preached. The hard-handed son of toil listened as though a brother only spoke, and it was manna to his soul. The cultured man listened, and to him it was the offering of life in a chalice

of more than classic beauty. The beauty, simplicity, and strength of perfect culture and the single eye made him always effective for the heavenly message.

Connected with the Ohio Wesleyan University in the dark and laborious years of its early struggles, he made himself felt as a sagacious, far-seeing counselor, on whom his colleagues relied. Professor Williams says, "To no other man do we owe more the ultimate success of our university. He it was who was first to suggest, and influential to secure, the adoption of a cheap scholarship system, which at once greatly increased our endowment, and enlarged our patronage."

But it was in Dickinson College, his final field of labor, that we find his practical abilities most severely tested. Of his career here, his colleague, Professor Hillman, writes: "He bore a high reputation for culture and learning. Dignified, but kind, he was ready to bestow a favor when a favor was needed—thus binding the students to him by ties of grateful remembrance. Polite, but firm, he easily commanded discipline. In the studies he taught, he, not the text-book, was the master-teacher. Versatile, scholarly, of a ready wit and fluent speech, few could more aptly point a moral, more readily pass a sarcasm, more pertinently generalize the drift of history, or more tersely epitomize the teachings of a school of philosophy."

After his election to the presidency of the College, the anxieties, cares, travels, and toils he underwent in helping to secure an endowment, made heavy inroads on a physical constitution never strong, and failing health demanded rest and recreation. Yet embarrassed personal finances, arising in part from small salary, not paid in full, owing to the deficiency in the College income, allowed him no rest and small time for recreation. He worked when he should have rested, traveled when he should have staid at home, till his failing health broke suddenly down. He died in the midst of his work. Yet he seemed determined

not to die. He had met his classes on Saturday, and, referring to his recent illness, said to them: "I have been wrestling with the giants and have thrown them, and to-day I can meet with you." The next morning he died.

"Of the long line of Dickinson's illustrious presidents," continues Professor Hillman, "no one deserves more kindly sympathy or deeper respect than he for the manly virtue he exhibited when he stood to the duties of his position, amid difficulties and discouragements that would have compelled most men to abandon duty and resign position. Those who stood by him, and with him, during the trying years of the past, can now, looking from the vantage ground of better condition, best appreciate his sacrificing toil and earnest efforts, that so largely helped to bring the college into the condition from which it is now advancing to a still brighter future. More than once, on returning home from absence on college business, or finishing up some difficult and discouraging financial matter, looking on his unfinished schemes of literary work, that might have brought him comfort and fame, he could not restrain the tears."

In 1843, he married Mrs. Lucena (Clarke) Miller, of Florida, who, with six children, still survives him—one bright boy of twelve years having preceded him to the spirit land.

The remembrance of the years he spent in Western colleges to those who were much in his well-ordered and hospitable home, ere the dark and toilsome days of the presidency came, is full of precious and pleasant things. "A Summer there," said a friend, "is equal to one abroad"—so much had he gathered into himself the wealth of all climes and times, and so unobtrusively did he diffuse it around him. Of music he was fond, and touched the keys of his piano with peculiar power and sweetness. The organ he preferred, which he accompanied with his voice in the richest and divinest songs. Often in the depth of the night the writer has heard him thus soothing

his weary nerves, pouring out his soul in those grand old hymns long dear to the Church of God.

He used to remark the fact that the early Christians brought none of the emblems of grief about their dead, but rather those of triumph and rejoicing. This he thought appropriate to the Christian faith. It was therefore fitting that on Palm Sunday he should put on immortality. Returning from Conference, the storm-shaken college out of the breakers, looking out for the first time on peaceful years, the faithful pilot resumed, with good heart, his work. On Wednesday, ascending from dinner, he suddenly said, "I am going." He was attacked with cardialgia, and during several hours of intense suffering, death was imminent. On reviving, he assured his physician of his readiness to depart and be with Christ. Being better, he resumed his duties; but Saturday night was again severely attacked. With relief, however, and in the morning, after partaking of some slight refreshment, he lay down, saying, "Now I will rest." His wife hearing a groan was instantly by him. A flush passed over his face, followed by mortal pallor, and he was gone. Just as the college-bell was ringing for morning service, he joined the concourse of noble souls of all ages and climes, entered upon diviner services and richer entertainments, and held again to his heart the beloved boy for whom he could not cease to grieve.

Dr. Johnson was about medium height, slenderly but firmly built. His movements were direct and effective; his firm, positive footstep, easily recognized by a friend. His features were of the Roman type, of mingled strength and delicacy, and wore the marks of a deep, sensitive, and unflinching nature. In conversation, the play of expression over his intellectual face was most pleasing and interesting, and he was always a genial and profitable companion. He was, in fine, a polished gentleman, an accomplished scholar, and a sincere Christian.

H. CALISTA M'CABE.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

— 283 —

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

IN Schiller's beautiful and famous "Song of the Bell," he has given so delightful and touching a description of the bliss and sanctity of true and faithful domestic life, that he has thereby left upon his nation an impression largely calculated to increase their love of home and the family, and to induce the conviction, among the better classes at least, that a young girl has nothing to look forward to but the career of wife and mother, or the alternative of old-maidenhood. He laid down the axiom that woman must be the queen or the toiler at home, while man must go out and fight the battle of life, must strive and dig and delve, must plant and reap that he may bring the harvest to his fireside for the needs and the comfort of his wife and children. Now, this is a very beautiful theory, and does all credit to the head and heart of the great German poet; but the toiling masses of the female portion of his nation find that stern necessity is driving them out also into hostile life, and they are every-where appealing for a field in which they may successfully toil, with the aim of gaining an honorable livelihood.

We have already alluded in these pages to a recent lecture in Berlin, by a noted philanthropist of the day, on the means whereby woman may secure an independent existence. It handled the matter with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth of the case, and was exceedingly frank, if not at times caustic, in its treatment of many of the reasons why women are not as successful as men in the art of gaining a livelihood. The result was an overwhelming shower of letters to the author, coming from the daughters of clergymen, teachers, civil officers, artists, and physicians, who feel the need of doing something for their own support, and also from widows and wives, who are compelled

to labor to secure comfort or decency for a growing family. Many of these letters were watered with bitter tears, and prove that the home is no longer the exclusive sphere of women, many of whom are forced to enter the battle of life and fight it out even in opposition to men. The publication of many of these letters, on the part of the recipient, has had the good effect to fire the public heart, so that the stream of benevolence is likely to flow more freely in this direction hereafter. "Women's Unions" have been established in greater numbers, and other kinds of associations have been formed with the view of securing to the female sex larger resources in the line of remunerative occupation. And in addition to these efforts, the State has greatly increased its activity in this regard. About a year and a half ago, one of the railroads entering Berlin appointed four women to a position in the ticket-office department, whose business it was to make a careful revision of the tickets returned to the conductors by the passengers, and compare them with the issues of the ticket-selling department. This innovation was so successful that the Minister of Commerce, in March of last year, ordered the general employment of women for this business on the Prussian State roads, where suitable persons could be found, which resulted in the engagement of nearly one hundred. This induced the department of State Telegraphy to consider the matter, and finally to employ about two hundred and fifty female telegraphists, with an annual salary of three hundred dollars. In the central station in Berlin, about thirty women are thus employed at present, the most of whom received their training in the Victoria Institute or the Lette Association, both established for this and kindred purposes.

This prepared the way for another step in advance, which was the appointment of a lady to the position of post agent in the central office in Berlin; and this move is now being extended to various parts of Prussia, while the example is acting on the neighboring states. In Austria, some thirty places in the Postal Department are filled by women. And then, again, the example of the well-known Emily Faithfull, in opening a training-office in London for the instruction of female compositors, has also extended to Berlin. The above-named Lette Association has added a Typographical Institute to its group of schools, whose object is to fit young women to earn their own livelihood.

One excellent result to be obtained by the movement above alluded to, will be the relief of the literary and teaching career into which the young women of respectable and cultured families have felt themselves forced to enter. A surprising number of women, in Germany in particular, devote themselves to the occupation of so-called "*belles-lettres* writing" for the popular press; and, it must be confessed, afflict the world with a mass of frivolous nonsense from their own brains, or from French translations of puerile or smutty trash. Nearly every steamer that leaves German shores bears among its passengers young girls seeking places as governesses in England, America, various parts of Asia, and even Australia. On the Continent the German girls find competitors and rivals among the French and the Swiss; and even in Germany the French girls are largely employed for the purpose of early initiating the children of aristocratic birth into the art of speaking the idiom of polished and diplomatic circles. The Germans, however, are beginning to be better appreciated at home, on account of their superior early training, and the demands on the part of the State that they undergo a strict examination, and receive a certificate of capacity. As a class, we should much prefer them as teachers, except of the French language, which they seldom attain with accuracy and finish.

It has been fashionable for many years to depict in tale, poem, and romance the sorrows and sufferings of these cultured daughters of poverty, and doubtless in this way many an "o'er-true tale" has been told.

But one of the first female writers of Germany—the highly gifted Meta Wellmer—who knows well both the shady and the sunny side of these experiences, asserts that in general they are not so bad as represented. She is somewhat inclined to complain of the young ladies themselves, and reads them a lecture in this wise: "By far the greatest number of complaints that are made by governesses arise from their wounded self-esteem, their offended vanity, or humbled pride; and the so-called sorrows of their calling, namely, the insults which they suffer, are too often the natural consequences of the want of tact in their demeanor and bearing in the families where they are employed." But it must be acknowledged that their occupation is a difficult one in their relations to the mother, the brothers, and sisters of the younger pupils, and even to the better class of servants of the house, whose social origin may be as good as theirs—to say nothing of many other temptations and dangers to which they are exposed. But the most difficult problem of their lives, and that of female teachers in general, has, until quite lately, been entirely disregarded: it is that of their future prospects, at a period when they have become unable to labor, for many of them never marry, and few can lay up enough to secure a comfortable retirement when they cease to be useful. Or if they can earn more than they need to keep up appearances in dress, to be respectable and acceptable in the families where they live, it is often exhausted in the support of sick or feeble parents, and very often, in the case of the German girls, in the aid of brothers while pursuing their studies at the university. Many of them, in this way, approach old age without a ray of hope except the cold charity of the world, and their lot is a sad one indeed. To aid such worthy women to a meagre support in their old age, a project is now being agitated to establish a "General Pension Fund" for the aid of destitute female teachers. The principal of a well-known seminary for training girls to become teachers has issued a thrilling call to the women of the land to aid him in establishing this fund, by making generous contributions to start and support it. He proposes making it a permanent foundation under careful government, and

solicits suggestions from noble women in all parts of the father-land, as to the best means of effecting the worthy object. A favorite resort of the Germans on such occasions is a wholesale lottery—taking the place of our “fairs”—and many of these will doubtless be instituted in this interest. And again, the teachers themselves have established a “Pension Association,” under the patronage of the Crown-princess of Prussia. To this they pay, during their effective years, a small annual fee, which secures to them their pension when the sere and yellow leaf becomes theirs; so that, in future, we hope to hear less of the sorrows of poor governesses after their work is done.

RATHER a strange romance has been recently issued in Belgium from the pen of a noted novelist, bearing on its title this queer device, “Feminine Bites.” It turns out to be an interesting addition to the literature of the woman question, in which the male author personates the injured and exasperated woman, and details her griefs to the world. He ignores the base question of mere externals for support, and casts his line into the depths of woman’s heart to bring up new material for microscopic examination. We need hardly say that by this odd procedure he brings strange things to light, and not a few which are the creations of his own crazy phantasy. In defense of woman he finds consolation in the fact that for the last decade she has been inclined to throw off the strait-jacket that has so long and so unjustly restrained her, and is now entering in the realm of free investigation along with her male competitor. She has thus taken the first step; she now thinks, compares, reflects, combines; she has thus made discoveries from which issue truths that enable her to weigh the assertions of all kinds of despots.

The result of this process is, that the woman here represented thinks freely—a little too freely, we should say—and so often oversteps the bounds of propriety in her assertions as to alienate the sympathies of most of her readers. If we imagine a woman who has loved and suffered, and been abandoned by her natural protector at the age of thirty-six, we can well conceive how bitter may be her thoughts, painful her reflections,

and biting her assertions. These “feminine bites” have, therefore, a great deal that is cruelly sharp and cutting, and mainly unjust; but occasionally this mass of invective contains some such caustic verities that we think it worth while to pick out a few of the pearls from the heap of shells. The most telling chapter is that on the all-absorbing theme of “Love.” It begins by the assertion, “When we are bad, men despise us; when we are good, they neglect us.” Soon after, we read, “Men are strange beings; they demand that we love them for themselves, but they make wry faces if they need to marry us without a dowry.” And again, “A marriage of convenience may be legitimate according to the law, but it can never be so according to the heart and the conscience. Honorable love is a support and a comfort; caprice is a moral dissolvent.” The following sentence is a cutting “bite:” “In theory men demand that we possess all the virtues; but in practice they would make us corrupt: the morality of men consists in mouths filled with the axioms of wisdom, whilst the conscience is filled with disgrace.” As a counterpart to this we are told, “That a proof that women comprehend the silliness of men is found in the fact that, in order to delude them, women resort to means which they themselves detest; namely, false hair, paint, and resources of every kind. They mean thereby that this is good enough for them, and show that they think that molasses will catch more flies than vinegar.” There is also a chapter devoted to “Misanthrophy,” from which we extract the following reflection: “When I see at a party a young girl crowned with roses, I think involuntarily of the victims of ancient sacrifices, which were crowned before being led to the altar.” But a truce to these “bites,” and a reflection on them. Though some may be strikingly true, they are, on the whole, the fruit of illusions, if not delusions; the caustic woman sees only the dark side of sentiments and ideas. And even these she sees through a microscope, in which the guilt of men toward women—bad enough in truth—here swells to frightful proportions. The expressions of the woman are stinging rather than grasping, and her “bites” are more irritating than wounding or convincing. We allude to them more to point a moral

than otherwise. They are a bitter protest against the falsity and show of modern European society, of which these "marriages of convenience" are the bane. We have ourselves seen young girls bartered off in this way by parents, with no apparent regard to

the wishes of daughters, and they seemed indeed like victims crowned for the sacrifice. If the result of free investigation on the part of women shall be to turn attention to this abuse of society, these "feminine bites" may do some good.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

DURING the month of February, Miss Smiley spoke to crowded audiences in Cincinnati, varying her usual Bible-lessons with a sermon to women upon the three questions: "What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" A leading daily pays her the following just tribute: "The thorough scholarship, the delicate shades of interpretation, the choice felicity of expression, the sprightliness and often genial humor of her anecdote, the deep yet subdued earnestness; in short, the spiritual refinement which pervades every one of her services, are elements of a power which is being felt not only in this community, but among the representative Christian people of this country."

—The late Gerrit Smith obtained the names of single women in indigent circumstances in his own county, and distributed among them ten thousand dollars, in sums of five hundred dollars apiece. He also set a worthy example to his peers in bequeathing to his wife one-half of his estate, instead of allowing the generous laws of the land to permit her the use of one-third during the remainder of her life.

—Mrs. Minnie Sherman Fitch must feel vastly obliged to the Congress of the United States for authorizing her husband to accept the princely gift of the Khedive. We had supposed that the lady was the one whom the king delighted to honor; but we confess to have forgotten that a relic of barbarism still remains in our land of equal rights, in the form of copies of the old English statutes. Should Colonel Fitch die, he would probably bequeath the jewels to his wife, as was done in the case of a well-known New

England authoress, whose husband, in dying, magnanimously willed her the house in which they lived; a house that had been purchased with the product of her busy pen.

—"She puts every thing on her back," has been asserted of woman so long, and has been so generally believed to be true, that it is delightful to record a few recent instances where wealth in the hands of feminine possessors has been worthily applied to objects of benevolence, Church extension, etc. Fifty thousand dollars has been given by Miss Wolfe for twenty scholarships in Union College; twenty thousand for the support of the poor, by Ann Colliston, of Schenectady, New York; four thousand by Mrs. Hodgman, of Ft. Edward, New York, for the Methodist Episcopal Church at Port Henry; twelve thousand dollars, by Mrs. Crozier, for the endowment of a Baptist Home; twenty thousand dollars to found a Seamen's Hospital, by a Newport lady; fifty thousand dollars to the Book Concern and Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, by a Baltimore woman; eight thousand dollars by two women to a Church enterprise in the Illinois Conference; twenty-five thousand dollars to Baptist Missions, by Mrs. Rathbone, of Albany; twenty thousand dollars to Unitarian Associations and Churches, five thousand each to a Female Orphan Asylum, Boston, and to the Old Ladies' Home, at Taunton, Massachusetts, by Mrs. King, of Taunton, besides ten thousand dollars to Antioch College. At Brookdale, New Jersey, a lady, from the savings of her handiwork, gives to a new Methodist Episcopal Church fifteen hundred dollars; Mrs. Holt, of Andover, presents five hun-

dred dollars to the Congregational Church; Miss Marston, of New Hampshire, among other bequests, leaves a legacy to aged and indigent ministers; Mrs. Cook, of Iowa, gives forty thousand dollars to Davenport Trinity Church; Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, leaves it optional with her patients to pay bills to her estate, bequeaths four thousand dollars for the poor, for sick-nurses, for a Homœopathic Hospital, and for the purchase of text-books for New England women students, and an income to be expended for flannel and coal for widows and unmarried women; Mrs. Ann White Vose leaves three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars to the public institutions of Boston; while a much injured woman of New York, out of a large estate, bequeaths to her husband one dollar and her forgiveness. If to forgive is divine, who shall say that this last has not done more than they all?

—Mrs. M. A. Johnson, editress of the *Agitator*, a temperance paper in Jeffersonville, Indiana, was sued for libel by one Fisher, for calling his whisky-shop a murder-mill. She proved her statement true; and the jury were not out but a few minutes when they returned with a verdict of acquittal.

—Mr. H. F. Durant has spent one million dollars on building, near Natick, Massachusetts, a college exclusively for the female sex. "Every officer and teacher in the building, from the president and professors downward, is to be a woman." We notice, however, that every member of the Board of Trustees is a masculine D. D.

—Mr. Timothy M. Allyn, of Hartford, Connecticut, has offered to give one hundred thousand dollars to the city for the establishment of an industrial school for the free instruction of boys and girls in the business occupations of life. He suggests that girls should be taught the practical duties of the household, become familiar with the chemistry of the kitchen, and learn any occupation within the measure of their strength or adapted to their tastes.

—Superiority in deportment among the female children in the public-schools of New York is hereafter to be promoted by the giving of silver medals; a fund of a

thousand dollars having been bequeathed by Mr. J. Kelley to the Board of Education, to be invested for that purpose.

—The first temperance convention of Christian women in New Jersey, recently held, was a success. It adopted a plan for State and county organizations, and elected a board of officers.

—At the Rhinebeck (New York) District Conference, Miss Greenwood, of Brooklyn, delivered an address on "Woman's Work: Her relation to Temperance."

—During a fierce Winter storm, a lady of Buffalo, aided by members of the Young Men's Christian Association, served all the drivers and conductors of street-cars with hot coffee every time they passed the junction of Main and Niagara Streets.

—The publishing committee charged by the Cleveland Convention with the responsibility of establishing a paper as the organ of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, have decided to issue an eight-page paper, in size eleven by fifteen inches, called to be published monthly, at fifty cents per annum, post-paid.

—Mrs. H. C. McCabe, President of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio, in a circular to the Temperance Leagues of Ohio, says: "The State Executive Committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at their last meeting, assessed each county ten dollars to meet expenses of our work."

—The Chicago Temperance Alliance proposes, as its first task, to persuade the employers of Chicago to change their weekly pay-day from Saturday to Monday. "With thousands of men, the difference between an idle day with money in their pocket, and an idle day without it, is the difference between a beastly, drunken spree, and a happy frolic with the children."

—The Praying Women's Temperance Union of Worcester furnishes the firemen of that city with hot coffee at every fire, the aim being to forestall the demand for intoxicating beverages.

—Mrs. Motley, wife of J. Lothrop Motley, the American historian, is dead. She was a sister of the late Park Benjamin, and a lady of fine culture.

ART NOTES.

THE PAINTER COROT.

THE recent death of Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, the eminent French landscape painter, at the ripe age of seventy-nine years, reminds us that the members of the old school of French art are fast disappearing. Corot's training for the exercise of his chosen art was most thorough and conscientious. He early studied with Michallon, next with Victor Bertin, and then spent a number of years in Italy, in the presence of the *chefs d'œuvre* of her capitals. From the first, there was in his pictures a weird, poetic beauty that attracted the admiration of the skillful and thoughtful; but it was long before he became a popular favorite. His best paintings had the appearance of sketches; and while this seeming laxity and imperfection often provoked the most scorching criticism, Corot always defended this style with the answer: "Ah, who shall paint all that nature is?" Corot excelled as a student of nature. With her he held his sweetest communings. The country in open air—whether pleasant or stormy—was his delight. To study her ever-shifting beauties, to catch the delicate revealings of a landscape, to mark the wonderful harmonies in the midst of infinite variety,—these were his supreme delight. It is from this, perhaps, to a great degree, that came that charming simplicity that was noted by all who came into his presence. While the thoughtless and uninitiated may condemn his "sketchy" painting, the experienced know that this is the character that is most difficult to reach. To have a work full of grand suggestions, to have it abound in invitations and winning drawings toward deeper inquiries, is a thousand-fold more helpful than the painful elaboration of every minutest point, and a complete revelation to the casual observer. While Corot will not hereafter rank among the very greatest of French artists, his works are already greatly sought, and in the future will be more and more admired.

— Strange fancies seize the would-be donors to our public institutions, and they often accompany their bequests with such impos-

sible conditions that they can not be accepted. Such we notice was the case with Philip Lenoir, proprietor of the celebrated Café Fay, Paris. He bequeathed to the Louvre a large collection of art objects, among which were over two hundred snuff-boxes of all conceivable patterns—many of most exquisite workmanship and great value. The condition of the gift was the placing of an equestrian statue of the donor in the hall where his collection should be exhibited. The Art Commission declined the gift on this condition; but since the death of Lenoir, his widow has made over the collection to the Louvre untrammelled by any conditions.

— Year by year this immense gallery of the Louvre receives its accessions of valuable works. Recently, a gallery of new Flemish and French works has been added, and forty paintings of artists who have been dead ten years have been removed from the palace of the Luxembourg to the Louvre.

— The Old World is celebrated for its Campo Santos and Halls of Glory. To few spots is the intelligent, thoughtful traveler drawn more strongly than to the Campo Santo of Pisa, or the Ruben Halle of Munich. Many are aware that it was the favorite plan of the famous painter, Cornelius, to do for Berlin what the earlier artists did for Pisa, and his cartoons for the Campo Santo, in connection with the Berlin cathedral, were among the grandest productions of his pencil. But then Prussia was too poor to carry out the design of her greatest artist, and his darling hopes were crushed. Recently, a partial attempt to realize this idea has been made in the construction of the new City Hall of the Prussian capital. The interior is decorated with many mural paintings, illustrating the Prussian and German history, while the exterior is to be adorned with statues of the most celebrated men in her modern history. A commission has just been given to the Italian sculptor, Calandrelli, to execute, or cause to be executed, forty-four statues and busts. Among the names thus commemorated, are Fichte and Hegel; the sculptors Rauch and Schadow;

the painter Cornelius, and the architects Schluter and Schinkel; Mendelssohn, Alexander and William Humboldt, and Jacob and William Grimm; the philologist Bœckh, and the theologian Schleiermacher; the machinist Borsig, the warrior Marshal von Wrangel, the oculist Von Graefe, and the journalist Spener. Thus does this hall at the same time become a place for business, a means of art education, a monument of the most famous German citizens, and an inspiration to the rising mind of the German capital. Is not all this a suggestion to the builders of city halls in America?

—It is with deep regret that we notice the financial embarrassment of the famous Spanish railroad-king Salamanca. The deranged condition of Spanish affairs has wrought ruin in railroad stocks, and Salamanca finds himself reduced from an immense capitalist to the verge of bankruptcy. What chiefly interests us in this connection is the offering for sale his most valuable gallery of paintings and sculpture. With fine taste, an unusual knowledge of art in its principles and history, and unbounded wealth, he had succeeded in making one of the finest private collections in Spain. Among his collection are some of the finest paintings from some of the noble houses of Spain that were ruined by the Napoleonic wars—works that had been carefully handed down from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Specially rich is this gallery said to be in the works of all the prominent schools of painting of the sixteenth century. Thus will be scattered to the four corners of the globe this beautiful and valuable collection; but in the midst of our regret for the stern necessity that compels it, we cherish hope that the seed may fall on good soil and bear a rich harvest for future years.

—A correspondent of the *New York Times* has revived the suspicions of a lack of originality on the part of American sculptors in Italy. He asserts that in an obscure Italian town he was surprised to see, appended to the sign over a native sculptor's door, a statement that this was the studio of one who was the author of a well-known statue upon which a distinguished American had placed his name. On inquiring the meaning of this curious advertisement, the Italian said that he had

been employed to reproduce in marble what the American had designed in rough. He assured the visitor that this practice was very common, and did not appear to think it reprehensible, the only ground of complaint being that the Americans failed to mention them as co-laborers. If this is true—and there seems no good reason to doubt the veracity of either the correspondent or his informant—there is something truly pitiable in this practice. We can readily see how the strong temptations to supply the demands of America for art works may induce a sculptor to work hard, and sometimes to slight his work; but to palm off the handicraft of some obscure Italian workman for his own is certainly little in accord with our ideas of strict justice and truth. It is plain that such a sculptor as was Powers, or as Story, or Rogers, might spend his powers entirely or chiefly in modeling, and employ his workmen to apply well-known rules and modes of reproducing in marble his original models. This is done on a very large scale in the studio of any sculptor of note. But that any American should attempt to palm off for his own another's invention and handicraft, without any acknowledgment whatever, is too contemptible to be mentioned in connection with the real artist. That it has been done by those who aspire to the honors and emoluments of American artists seems, alas! no longer doubted.

—An interesting discovery has recently been made in the archives of the city of Rome. It is an inventory of the property and personal effects of Michael Angelo at the time of his death, duly signed and sealed by the governor of Rome. The inventory includes notes made upon many statues, sketches, and cartoons, and important facts relating to the family and life of the great artist, some of which are now for the first time made known. The Italian Government has ordered the publication of the inventory.

—The Scotch are prompt in publicly acknowledging the great services of Dr. Livingstone, in the erection of a monument to his memory in Glasgow. About \$8,500 was estimated as needed to carry out the plan, and this has been all raised, although single subscriptions were limited to \$25.

—A correspondent of the New York *Sun* is responsible for saying that the artists of Boston have been *basking in the sunshine of prosperity* during the past Winter; a happy condition certainly for a Winter so terribly severe! He says: "Men as well as women who have any thing like ability, earn from \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year; and while it takes a painter or sculptor twenty years to make a reputation in the Old World, one sees here mere boys and girls of twenty established in their studios and making plenty of money." We imagine this writer has not been behind the curtain to see how many meagre, cold lunches some of these artists are obliged to content themselves with, while they wear a smile.

—Thomas Nast has recently achieved no greater triumph in his specialty than in the *Harper's Weekly* of February 20, 1875, in the cartoon, "Garibaldi at Rome—Time works Wonders." Amid all the broken shafts among which Garibaldi's noble form appears, nothing is more significant than the one—the most broken one—that the hero studies, on which is inscribed, "The Pope's Temporal Power," and the chair lying under the crushing weight of an enormous column, "Sovereign Pontiff's Throne." This is genuine caricature.

—The recent exhibition of Water-Color Art in New York has revealed a rapidly growing attention to this style of painting. Results are now attained that a few years since would have been judged impossible. The exhibition contained five hundred and eighty-nine works, representing the English, French, Italian, Spanish, and American schools. Since these exhibitions are gotten up very largely as preparatory to effect sales, it is gratifying to buyers to know that prices asked are very much more reasonable than before. This is the case both with native and foreign artists. Certainly this is an indication of good; since many very cultured people, with fine æsthetic natures, have hitherto been debarred from gratifying their tastes by the excessively high prices of good pictures. If the business of the artist is not wholly nor chiefly commercial, then should he be content with fairly remunerative prices for his work. This is the surest means of multiplying the demand for works of art

throughout the community, and thus in turn be a stimulus to art industry. This year's exhibition is judged fully up to any previously given. While some of the most eminent names among our American water-colorists were not represented, many new and almost unknown artists had good work to show the public. So far it is gratifying, since it evinces an increasing love for art and widely growing circle of earnest workers.

—H. K. Browne, the sculptor, has received the order for an equestrian statue of General Greene, of Revolutionary fame, but has declined to commence work until an appropriation shall have been made for a suitable pedestal.

—Jones, an artist formerly of Cincinnati, has received the order to execute the bust of Chief-Justice Chase for the Supreme Court-room, he being selected by the daughter, Mrs. Sprague.

—Mayor Brown, of St. Louis, has been compelled to decline the equestrian statue of General Jackson, duplicate of the one standing opposite the White House at Washington. Mrs. Clark, wife of the well-known sculptor who executed the statue, offered it for \$10,000; but the mayor is compelled to say that he can not recommend its purchase by a city whose streets are in such horrible condition as those of St. Louis.

—A correspondent of the New York *Times* makes the happy suggestion of a plan by which to dispose of the funds now in the hands of the "Artists' Chicago Relief Fund." It is generally known that at the time of the Chicago fire, French artists contributed paintings whose sale realized about \$30,000. This has remained in the hands of the committee, since it was not needed by the parties for whose relief it was intended. The committee has been at a loss to expend this in accordance with the wishes of the original contributors. The *Times* correspondent suggests that the committee should commission one of the most prominent French sculptors to execute in bronze a statue of that loved friend of our country, the statesman-soldier, Lafayette. This must certainly be equally agreeable to the feelings of the citizens of Chicago and the French contributors.

CURRENT HISTORY.

TSAETIN, son of Prince Chun, was proclaimed Emperor of China, February 5th.

— During a revolt of Chinese prisoners in jail at Singapore, February 14th, sixty-seven persons, including sixteen wardens, were killed and injured before order was restored.

— The first train was run through the Hoosac tunnel, February 9th. It was composed of three gravel cars and a box-car filled with one hundred passengers. The passage was made in thirty-five minutes. The first work of this great undertaking was performed in 1852. The charter, however, was given four years previous to the commencement of work. The distance tunneled is twenty-five thousand and thirty-one feet. The cost has been upward of \$10,000,000, and one hundred and forty-five lives.

— The summary of movements in Spain is briefly as follows: Carlists were defeated at Oteiza, February 3d; General Loma captured the Carlist leader, General Agana; the Pope addressed a letter to Don Carlos expressing sympathy, but advising him to reconsider his determination to continue the war, as the dignity of the Catholic Church has been vindicated by the rights of the clergy recognized by Alfonso.—4th, General Moriones entered Noain with 20,000 men; the Alfonsists captured Puente La Reyna at the point of the bayonet; the village was fired by shell and destroyed; the young King was under fire for the first time in his life; General Loma, after five hours' hard fighting at Cestona, defeated the Carlists and captured a number of cannon.—9th, The Alfonsists suffered a severe defeat near Estella, with heavy losses in killed and wounded and in artillery. The Alfonsists are checked for the present in the north, and remain in their forts. The Carlist chieftain, Mendiri, was arrested for treason, and shot by order of Don Carlos.—26th, Several battalions of Carlists attacked Bilbao in a vigorous manner. After a desperate bombardment they made an assault on forts Puente, Nueva, and Arbolaucha, which were taken and retaken three times. The fighting was desperate on

both sides, and the Carlists were finally repulsed. The Alfonsists lost one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The Alfonsists subsequently attacked the Carlists in their intrenchments, and were in turn repulsed, with a loss of two hundred killed and wounded. The month of February records no events that indicate a termination at an early day of this terrible and prolonged civil war. Alfonso resolutely asserts his claims to the throne, while Don Carlos pronounces him a usurper.

— March 3d, The Kellogg government of Louisiana was again recognized by Congress. On the same date Colorado was made a State.

— A gentleman, whose name is unknown, has made a gift of £10,000 for the promotion of university education among the working-classes of Nottingham, England.

— It is stated that the Earl of Derby has accepted from Spain, as indemnity for the *Virginus* outrage on the British subjects, £500 for each white and £300 for each black man murdered. The amount of indemnity falling due to America is \$84,000.

— The United States Congress, on the 27th of February, passed the long-pending Civil Rights Bill. It secures to all citizens equal rights in houses of entertainment, public conveyances, and places of amusement, without regard to color. As originally introduced by Charles Sumner, it extended the same provisions to the schools, churches, and cemeteries.

— At a public meeting in Glasgow, it has been resolved to form an industrial mission settlement at the south end of Lake Nyassa, Africa, in connection with the Free and Reformed Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, as a memorial to Livingstone. It was stated that it is proposed to raise £10,000 in the first instance, and £6,000 was subscribed at the meeting. The station is to be placed under the charge of Mr. E. D. Young, R. N., who commanded the Livingstone Search Expedition.

—The total strength of the volunteer forces of Great Britain was at the end of last year 236,683 men.

—The museum of the Luxembourg, Paris, has been reopened with forty new pictures, replacing those removed to the Louvre.

—Titian's "Danae" has been sold to the Emperor of Russia for \$126,000. The last owner was Prince Buoncompagni, of Boulogne, for one of whose ancestors it was painted.

—Mr. Thomas Carlyle has declined the offer of the Grand Cross of the Bath, made to him on the recommendation of Mr. Disraeli. It is stated that Mr. Alfred Tennyson has also declined the offer of a baronetcy.

—Mr. George Smith has discovered, among the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum, the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel. The discovery is quite as important as that of the tablet relating to the Deluge, made known last year by the same gentleman.

—The first reports relative to outrages practiced on Christians in Turkey prove to be very much exaggerated. A house which was American property was forcibly entered, but investigation shows it to have been occupied by Turkish subjects.

—The following has been furnished by the Smithsonian Institute: Professor Forster, of Berlin, announces the discovery of a planet of the twelfth magnitude, in nine hours fifty-six minutes right ascension, thirteen degrees forty-eight minutes declination north, with motion north one degree daily.

—\$200,000 have been appropriated by the Japanese Government for expenditures in connection with the Philadelphia Centennial; and for expenses of commissioners to examine industries and report, \$100,000; for purchase of Japanese articles, \$80,000; for transportation, \$20,000.

—On the night of February 11th, a fire broke out at Port au Prince, Hayti, in which two-thirds of the city was burned, involving a loss of over \$2,000,000, and rendering six or seven hundred families homeless. The fire originated from a barrel of kerosene, and, owing to the dryness of the wood houses, spread with irresistible force.

—The exports and imports of France, in 1874, amounted to over \$1,500,000,000, largely exceeding any former year.

—Double eagles to the amount of \$860,000 were turned out on a single day recently at the San Francisco mint. This is said to be the largest day's work ever performed by any mint in the United States.

—A fleet of British men-of-war have bombarded and captured Fort Mozambique, on the island of Mombaz, off the East Coast of Africa; sixteen of the garrison were killed and fifty wounded. Two slave-ships were captured, with three hundred slaves on board.

—Darfur, which is announced by cable to have been annexed by Egypt, is a country of Africa, east of Nubia, in between five and sixteen degrees north latitude, and from forty to forty-six degrees east longitude. It is little known, but is said to be fertile. Its population, consisting of Arabs and negroes, is estimated to be about 200,000.

—A telegraph congress is to be held in St. Petersburg, in Russia, this Summer, in which all countries are to be represented. The London papers say that the cable companies propose to take an active part, and, among other things, to urge the adoption of a rule that dispatches shall uniformly be rated by the number of letters, not by the words.

—South Australian newspapers record the success of Mr. John Forrest in crossing from the western coast of Australia to the Overland Telegraph, through the very heart of the only extensive region in Australia which remains unexplored. He and his companions traveled nearly two thousand miles, keeping close to the twenty-sixth parallel of south latitude.

—The Free Church of Italy has held a General Assembly at Turin. Thirty Churches were represented by forty deputies. During the past year, owing to a lack of means, three of the nine evangelists usually employed were dismissed. Four evangelists were ordained as ministers of the Church, and resolutions were passed in favor of observance of the Sabbath, increased attention to Sunday-school work, and expressing hope for a revival throughout Italy.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

MEANING OF QUARANTINE.—If a hundred persons were asked the meaning of the word "quarantine," it is likely that ninety-nine thereof would answer: "O, it is something connected with shipping, the plague, and yellow fever." Few are aware that it simply signifies "a period of forty days." The word, though common enough at one time, is now only known to us through the acts for preventing the introduction of foreign diseases, directing that persons coming from infected places must remain forty days on shipboard before being permitted to land.

The old military and monastic writers frequently used the word to denote this space of time. In a truce between Henry I, of England, and Robert, Earl of Flanders, one of the articles was to the following effect; "If Earl Robert should depart from the treaty, and the parties can not be reconciled to the King in three quarantines, each of the hostages shall pay the sum of one hundred marks."

From a very early period the founders of our legal polity in England, when they had occasion to limit a short period of time for a particular purpose, evinced a marked predilection for the quarantine. Thus, by the laws of Ethelbert, the limitation for the payment of a fine for the slaying of a man at an open grave was fixed at forty nights—the Saxons reckoning by nights instead of days. There can be no doubt that this precise term is deduced from the period of Lent, which is in itself a commemoration of Christ's forty days' fast in the wilderness.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S ORTHOGRAPHY.—The fathers of the American Revolution do not appear, in all cases, to have been very correct in their orthography. The following letter, written by General Israel Putnam, is a curiosity in this respect:

"*Dear Madame*—I have to inform you that I left old Colonel Wadsworth at Miss House's, at Philadelphly, on larst Wednesday. He had been quite unwell, but was on the mending hand, and hops soon to recover, as he had been taking fiskek. He is going to Vorginng, so you Won't have the Plesur

of seeing him soon. As for nues we have non but whot I roat Dannel, and that is partly gesswork. Pleas to give my most respectful compliments to all the Ladys of your hous, and master Dannel, not forgetting the young gentleman that took up his Loge at your hous while I was thare, and all Inquiring frinds. I am, dear madam, with the greatest respect, your most obedient, humble servant,
ISRAEL PUTNAM."

ANCIENT LIQUOR LAWS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Some of the old laws for the regulation of taverns are rather curious. The following, enacted July 11, 1677, by the "Great and General Court," held at Plymouth, Mass., will serve as a specimen:

"It is ordered by the Court and the authorities thereof that none shall presume to deliver any wine, strong liquors, or cyder to any person or persons whoe they may suspect will abuse the same; or to any boyes, gerles, or single persons, tho pretending to come in the name of any sicke person, without a note under the hand of some sober person in whose name they come; on paine of five shillings for every such transgression—the one halfe to the county and the other halfe to the enformer."

Drunkenness was punished by various penalties, which will seem amusing to us, though doubtless considered otherwise by those who incurred them. Here are a few specimens:

"Sergeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk."

"Daniel Clark, found to be an immoderate drinker, fined forty shillings."

"John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks."

A man who had often been punished for being drunk, was now "ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year."

Such entries may be found scattered through the old Court Records, and occasionally reprimands or dismissals for drunkenness may be found on the Church records.

Quite a trade sprung up between the American colonies and France and the West Indies—the colonies exporting fish, pipe

staves, clap-boards, and receiving in return wines, rum, and various other articles. Rev. Increase Mather, in a sermon preached at Boston in 1686, thus deploras the introduction and use of rum:

"It is a common thing that later years a kind of strong drink called rum has been common amongst us, which the poorer sort of people, both in town and country, can make themselves drunk with. These that are poor, and wicked too, can for a penny or two pence make themselves drunk. I wish to the Lord some remedy may be thought of, for the prevention of this evil."

Nearly two hundred years have flown by since the worthy Mather uttered this wish, and as yet no remedy has appeared, unless the "praying bands" which have become so popular prove a sufficient power.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LONGEVITY.—Comparing the longevity of people in earlier and in later periods of the world, as shown by their life-tables, we find another proof of the increase of human life with the progress of time.

According to the tables of Ulpian, and the faith and practice of the Roman courts from the third to the sixth century, the average length of life granted to and enjoyed by all persons under twenty years of age was thirty years; that is, a thousand, taken as they are usually found, of all ages under twenty—infants, children, and youth—if observed until the last one died—were ascertained to have lived a total sum of thirty thousand years, or an average, for each one, of thirty years after the time of the observation.

Mr. Finlaison's calculations, based on the records of the lives of the annuitants of the British debt connected with the tontine of 1790, show that the average longevity of these people of England was fifty years from and after all ages under twenty.

According to Ulpian's tables, the average life of twenty-eight years was added to those who had already lived from twenty to twenty-five years. Mr. Finlaison showed that this additional boon was forty-one years and seventy days for the modern Englishman of the same age. In the next quinquennial period—twenty-five to thirty years old—the expectation of life was twenty-five years for

those who lived in Rome in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, and thirty-eight years and fifty-four days for the man who lived in Great Britain in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Take another and later period of life—fifty to fifty-five years of age. The Roman had a reasonable expectation of living thirteen years longer, and the Briton had twenty-two years and two months added to his earthly existence.

The comparison of the ancient Roman with the modern English extension of life from all other ages shows a similar improvement with the progress of the world.

The Roman tables were calculated from observation of the more favored classes, the rich, the cultivated; but the great mass of the people, mechanics, workmen, the slaves, and the poor, who have a shorter life, were not included.

At the present time, among all the people of England, including the poor as well as the favored classes, the expectation of life at the age from birth to twenty, is, for males over forty (45.74) years, and for females forty-six (46.45) years; and at the age from twenty to twenty-five, it is thirty-eight years for males, and about thirty-nine (38.98) years for females.

In the United States, according to the calculations of Mr. L. W. Meech, of the Census Office, for all classes of males and for all parts of the country, this expectation is, from birth to twenty, forty-seven years, and from twenty to twenty-five it is thirty-nine years and five-eighths.

Here was an increase of longevity, from the beginning of the third century to the end of the eighteenth, of fifty per cent among the more favored classes; and, sixty years later, the life of all classes in England and the United States was fifty per cent longer than that of the best among the Romans of the earlier day.

MEDICAL PROVERB.—The common proverb, "Feed a cold and starve a fever," has, when taken in a literal sense, led to dangerous mistakes. The correct reading is directly opposite, and means, "If you feed a cold, you will have to starve a fever." In fact, a cold is the forerunner of a fever, and prevention is worth more than cure.

SCIENTIFIC.

PERMANENT ICE IN A MINE.—Mr. R. Weiser, of Georgetown, Colorado, states that geologists have been much perplexed to account for the presence of frozen rocks found in some of our silver mines in Clear Creek County, Colorado. There is a silver mine high up on Mount McClellan, called the Stevens Mine. The altitude of this mine is twelve thousand five hundred feet. At the depth of sixty to two hundred feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore, together with the surrounding wall-rocks, is found to be in a solid frozen mass. McClellan Mountain is one of the highest eastern spurs of the Snowy Range. It has the form of a horseshoe, in the southwestern bed of which the Stevens mine is situated. A tunnel is driven into the mountain on the lode, where the rock is almost perpendicular. Nothing unusual occurs until a distance of some eighty or ninety feet is reached. Then the frozen territory begins, and is continued for over two hundred feet. There are no indications of a thaw Summer or Winter. The whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard, massive rock, and the lode itself is as hard and solid as the rock. The miners find the only way to get out the ore—for it is an exceptionally rich lode—is to kindle a large wood fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and thus thaw the frozen material, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This has been the mode of mining for more than two years. The tunnel is over two hundred feet deep, and there is no diminution of the frost which seems rather to be increasing.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE BUNSEN BURNER FOR SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.—In a late paper, read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. F. Kingdon, of Owens College, speaks of an improvement in the Bunsen Burner, which he has found very effective in obtaining the spectra of some salts, which could not be obtained by the ordinary burner. The improvement consists in broadening the flame of the Bunsen; that is, causing the gas to issue through

a narrow slit instead of a round hole. Thus far, Mr. Kingdon has made only a rough experiment, the slit being about seven inches long and one-eighth inch wide; but the results were most satisfactory.

INSECTS AS FOOD.—It is a fact not very widely known that, among the various benefits conferred upon the world by the presence therein of insects, not the least is the fact that they are used and enjoyed as articles of food. Bees of course furnish honey; but many of them are themselves eaten in a grub state in various countries, where bee-bread is not considered unworthy food. Locusts, again, form food for various races, not only of man, but of beasts, birds, and reptiles. There is an article of diet among the Australian natives termed the "Bugong moth;" and dragon-flies are also used by the same people. In Europe, the wood-ant is used in the manufacture of vinegar, and in the South of France is transformed into a certain sort of cream, called *creme aux fourmis*. Mosquitoes are prepared as a sort of cake, called *kungo*, among the inhabitants of Nyassa Lake; and the gru-grub, of the West Indies, is considered by those who have tasted it (it is eaten alive!) a most delicious morsel. And not less curious than this is the egg of an insect which inhabits the fresh waters of Mexico, and which is made into cakes, under the name of *latourte*.

CAMPHOR AS A STIMULANT FOR GERMINATION.—A Berlin professor recently found an ancient record of a discovery that water saturated with camphor had a wonderful influence on the germination of seeds. Different experiments proved to him that camphor stimulates vegetables as alcohol does animals. He planted seeds three or four years old, and with little vitality, between sheets of blotting-paper, some moistened with water, others with camphor solution. The former would not swell at all, while those subjected to the camphor solution all germinated. Plants as well as seeds, stimulated with camphor, increase with a vigor and vivacity much beyond those not so treated.

ENHYDROS OR WATER STONES.—In the recently published part of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria will be found a description of a peculiar mineral formation, popularly called "water stones," but known scientifically as *Enhydros*. They are hard, like topaz; some are of a dark, brownish yellow color, and nearly opaque, others are colorless and transparent. They are generally hollow, and inclose a liquid with a movable bubble, like the air-bubble in a spirit-level. The liquid inclosed is a weak saline solution, consisting of water with a small proportion of the chlorides and sulphates of sodium, magnesium, and calcium.

CHLORINE FATAL TO VEGETATION.—In a certain square in London, trees have twice been planted, but have in both instances died. An examination of the clear watery solution, distilled from the soil, proved that there was one-tenth per cent of common salt and two-tenths per cent of nitrate in the soil. Whenever the amount of chlorine in soil reaches any thing like an appreciable quantity, it exercises an injurious influence. Land inundated by the sea will not grow wheat for two years; cabbages may be grown the first year, though they will draw a considerable proportion of salt from the soil.

BALLOONING SPIDERS.—In a paper read before the Smithsonian Institute, Dr. Lincecum describes in a most interesting manner the marvelous art of the gossamer spider in the construction and manipulation of her aeronautical ship. In Texas, according to the author, December is the month for these ballooning spiders to emigrate. When they intend to make an ascension, they fix themselves on some extreme point of the branch of a tree or weed or corn-tassel, then carefully spin out a lock of white gossamer, five or six inches long and two inches wide in the middle, tapering toward the ends, holding it all the time in the gentle breeze by a thread two or three inches long, which, being attached to the end of the selected point, detains the balloon until it is finished. They then spin out at the bow two lines, thirty or forty feet in length, and another twenty or thirty feet at the stern, then cut the cable, and sail away on an inclined plane. There are a mother and half a dozen or more young spiders aboard every balloon, and thus the

species is scattered over most districts. These tiny aeronauts choose for starting on their journey a clear day with the wind gently from the south. At about one P. M., they may be seen sailing with the wind. Toward four P. M., the spectator will observe that the balloons are beginning to descend. When the streamers strike some tall weed or grass, the air-ships are made fast, and the passengers instantly leap out, spinning out a thread as they fall, and thus landing in safety.

THE CAUSE OF "COLD SNAPS."—In a paper read before the American Academy of Science, Professor Loomis offered a new theory to account for sudden falls of temperature, or "cold snaps," as they are called. The usual mode of accounting for these is by supposing that a current of cold air sets in from the north. A laborious investigation of the subject has led Professor Loomis to the conclusion that these low temperatures, which occur at irregular intervals in every month, and particularly during the Winter, are due mainly to the descent of cold air in the neighborhood; and that this descent of air results from the outward movement, which generally takes place from the center of an area of high barometer. The theory is fully sustained by observations. As for the opposite theory, if the cold comes to us from the north, "whence does it come," asks Professor Loomis, "to these colder known points on the earth's surface?" In Summer, during a thunder-storm, the temperature often falls ten degrees in a few minutes; but observations show that there was no air-current from the north. These sudden gusts of cold must descend from the higher atmospheric regions.

GREAT TREES OF AUSTRALIA.—The highest trees on the Sierra Nevada, California, which have yet been found reach only four hundred and fifty-six feet, the average height being from three hundred to four hundred feet. Recent explorations show that the great Australian trees exceed in height, though not in circumference, the giants of California. A fallen tree in the recesses of Dandenong, Victoria, was measured not long since, and found to be 420 feet long; another, on the Black Spur, ten miles from Halesville, measured 480 feet.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

MAY.

O MERRY May comes but once in the year,
 And now, with her hands full of gifts, she is here.
 Here, bringing bluest and brightest of skies,
 With bobolinks, bees, and gay butterflies.
 Laughing and gentle, and tender and sweet,
 Flowers springing every-where under her feet;
 Wheat in the furrow, and bloom in the tree,
 Promise of harvest so full and so free.
 Woodland all music, and meadow all bliss,
 What can one dream of fairer than this?
 Bird-songs the sweetest from morning till night;
 Long, long are the days, and golden the light.
 Nests all a-building in tree-top and eaves,
 How cheerful the chirping among the young leaves!
 Some laying the mortar, some bringing the straw,
 To fashion the homestead without a flaw.
 Every-where violets; and fair, O fair,
 Are the garments of gold that the cowslips wear!
 How fragrant the branches of birches that meet
 O'er the hillside haunts of the May-flower sweet!
 Brook-side and hedge-row, hollow and hill,
 Park, pasture, meadow, wherever you will,
 New leaves all growing and whispering together,
 And dancing for joy of the mild May weather.
 Ah! the earth all beauty, the air all bliss,
 What can you ask for better than this?

SLOW BUT SURE.

A BROWN bee was busy hunting honey.
 She was just diving into the depths of a red
 clover blossom, when a gay humming-bird
 came flashing by. Poising himself an instant
 in the air, he condescended to salute
 the bee thus:

"Halloo! my friend, what are you doing
 there?"

"Gathering honey," answered the bee,
 modestly.

"Ha! ha!" sneered the humming-bird,
 "How slow and clumsy you are! I do believe
 I could take a sip at every flower in the
 field before you have done with that one
 little clover-head. How you ever get any
 honey at this rate is more than I can see."

"Slow, but sure," replied the bee, quietly.
 "I'm not fast at flying, 't is true, and I find
 very little time to be idle; but if you would
 see whether I can gather honey, come next
 Winter, when the flowers are gone, and see
 my store."

With that, having added the last grain to
 her load, the homely bee flew slowly off toward
 her hive, while the bright humming-

bird, his rainbow colors glancing in the
 sunshine, darted away across the flowery
 field saying to himself:

"Next Winter, indeed! No; let those
 who will, live for the Winter; but while
 Summer lasts I will be glad and take my
 ease, and the Winter may take care of itself."

CONTENTMENT.

It does n't make so much difference where
 you are, as what you are. There is no place
 so barren of interest or so lonely where you
 may not learn and enjoy, if you will, and
 where you may not be kind and useful and
 content. You need not wait till you get
 into a crowd, or among strangers, to be kind
 and gentle and thoughtful of others' needs
 and comfort. Be so now, where you are,
 though there be perhaps but one, two, or
 three to care about it, or be made happier
 by your unselfish behavior.

Neither need you go to Europe, to Saratoga,
 Newport, or Long Branch to have a
 "good time." Have one now, and here.
 Make the most of every day as it comes.
 That is the secret of a "good time." Take
 whatever the day brings and be glad with
 it, not thinking in the mean time much about
 the morrow, and what that is likely to have
 in store for you. A great many pleasures
 are spoiled by comparing them with those
 we are expecting in some better time, or
 with those we wish we might have. Take
 what is. That is yours to enjoy. See to it
 that you do not miss the good that is in it,
 if it be nothing more than a walk in an
 open field with the blossoming grass beneath
 you, and the blue sky of May above you;
 if a ride in sight of hills or mountains, or
 beside a river, fringed with birches and willows;
 or, it may be, a stroll to the woods
 where ferns and flowers are growing; to-day
 some chapters out of a pleasant book; to-morrow
 the visit of a friend, or a kindly deed
 done to one who needs it; now a little journey
 on a railway train to a town full of sights
 and sounds, new to you; sometimes a picnic;
 again, a croquet or tea party; a sight of a storm
 sweeping over the city; or,

better yet, from hill to hill across a green valley; the getting of a kindly letter from a friend; a visit to a picture-gallery; or, when it rains, a long, cozy day in-doors—time for reading, sewing, talking, thinking—a quiet home-time, the best of all. These are not much, it may be; yes, they are a good deal. But I know girls who can never, even for a day, be content with such simple pleasures; but are always wishing, wishing, wishing for something they can not have—for fine clothes, for gay society, for evening parties, a Summer at Saratoga, a trip to Europe, always something new.

"I wish I could go to a party to-night!" How often I hear her say it; a bright but discontented girl—like so many others. "I'm so tired of staying at home, and wearing my every-day clothes!" How many girls would rather wear a pretty party dress, and be admired in it, than, by kind deeds and gentle manners, to make the joy and light of home! "Life is so tiresome!" I heard the other day from the lips of a lovely young girl, the indulged pet of a charming household, with a delightful home, many friends, and many and varied enjoyments. She has many lovable qualities of character, but she is never content. How many of the young readers of the REPOSITORY are like her, never satisfied with simple pleasures, wishing always some new enjoyment? Ever seeking, but never finding; for happiness never yet came at our call, but, strangely enough, comes, if she comes at all, just when we are least expecting her, and, indeed, thinking nothing at all about her.

A NOTABLE TREE.

You all know about the old dispute as to which tree is the most useful. But the question is still undecided, and must remain so, being answered differently when country, people, and climate are taken into the account. But, surely, in any enumeration of the most useful trees, the cocoa-palm must be named among the first. In spite of the date, oil, wine, sugar, and sago palm, it is doubtless the most useful of all the palm growths, of which there are two hundred and five known varieties. The cocoa-palm furnishes to large tracts of country, in warm latitudes, bread, wood, household utensils, oil, thread, ropes,

brushes, wine, and sugar. It is a protection and shelter to men and beasts. It is what our venerable village shade-trees, our flax, cotton, hemp, richly bearing apple-trees, and the turner's workshop, are, all in one.

The genuine cocoa-nut palm, which is found sometimes more than eighty feet high, does not grow to be more than three feet in diameter, but it has leaves longer than many a room in our dwelling-houses, and six-parted, not at all showy, blossoms, which grow in clusters. Some groups of palms in Asia furnish sustenance for whole families. Often twenty or thirty nuts hang in a cluster, and ripe fruits are found on the tree the whole year through. No wonder that the cocoa-nut palm is planted wherever it will thrive. The milk in the nut is a cooling and healthful drink, the kernel is a nutritious food. Out of the cocoa-oil, gotten by cooking the kernel, are made different kinds of salve, soap, and oil. Out of the shells are fashioned cups, bowls, drinking-vessels, buttons, spoons, and many other articles. The leaves give coverings, mats, baskets; the fibers of the husk furnish cords, brushes, beds; the clusters of young leafage are also cooked and eaten, and from them, sugar, too, is obtained. And what more can one ask for from a single tree?

LITTLE buds, little buds, toss your heads,
Toss your heads, little truculent buds!
Rise up, pretty lilies, look out of your beds,
And welcome the sunshine in floods!
How softly uncloses
Each innocent daisy!
Now roses, now roses!
You must not be lazy.
The beautiful sunshine
Is shining for you;
Unfurl your bright petals,
And laugh at the dew.
Royal sunshine, be trusty and true;
Pour your golden enchantment on all;
We spring into life for the worship of you—
Be ready to answer our call.
No whimsical hiding,
No clouds fling before you;
'Tis you we take pride in,
'Tis we must adore you!
What creatures would scatter
Their beauty and grace
For a king who refuses
A glimpse of his face?

Diving, and finding no pearls in the sea;
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee.
The moon is a silver pin-head vast
That holds the heaven's tent-hangings fast.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

FELLOWSHIPS in the Royal Geographical Society, judging from the commonness of the title F. R. G. S., must be as cheap in England as D. D.'s are in America. A man has only to voyage over an ocean or two, visit a continent or two, and write a book or two, apparently, to secure the honor, and such attention as the printing of the cabalistic letters can secure, from his title-worshipping fellows. A book borrows no intrinsic value from the honors of its author. If poor, titles won't save it; if good, it will both make its own way and add luster to the name and titles of the writer. J. Thomson, F. R. G. S., of Brixton, England, is an author worth perusing. His *Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China*, embraces "ten years' travel and adventure," and spreads over nearly half the coast-line of the Asiatic continent, at once the largest, and in many respects, the most interesting on the superficies of the globe. To a lively, gossiping, and picture-sketching style, the author added practical photography, and, from his bulky portfolio the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, reproduce twenty-five full-page engravings and over forty illustrations of the text, besides maps and plans. To us personally, the perusal of the work (and we read it all—something an editor can and need say of but few books that come to his table in days when books are more plentiful than knowledge or new ideas) was a gratifying review of scenes and localities in Southern India and China that photographed themselves on our memory twenty years ago. There are frequent points that betray the transient traveler, and distinguish him from the well-informed resident, and especially from the scholar who masters the language and gets at the inner ideas and customs of those Eastern lands. It might be due to ignorance of the language, and might be a blunder of proof-readers, that every-where converts the Chinese Fung-shui to Feng-shui, and Yamen to Yamen; or that changes the name of our old friend, the well-known author of "Social Life in China," from Justus Doolittle to Mr. Justice Doolittle. But these are trifling faults. The author makes the most of his

material, and, traveler-like, dresses up his incidents, new and old, in their holiday suits, and gives some well-worn stories a local habitation and a name, and so makes sure of the reader's interest therein. We seldom come across five hundred more readable pages. (Harper & Bros., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE days of caste, especially where the blood is three-fourths Caucasian and only one-fourth African, and that fourth a doubtful amalgam, seem to be pretty nearly numbered in this Republic of ours. Still, old prejudices die hard and will not be thoroughly extinct until this generation, and perhaps another, have passed from the stage of action. Meanwhile, slavery, the war, and caste will continue to be an unfailing mine of material for story-builders for a long time to come. On this foundation and out of this material is built the story *Toinette*, by Henry Churton, which we strongly suspect is only a *nom-de-plume* to hide an author who tries hard to leave readers in doubt whether his pen is Northern or Southern, but who, while evidently thoroughly acquainted with the South by residence and intimate observation, nevertheless smacks strongly of the Yankee and Boston. The characters and incidents of the story are drawn from the transition period between the old *regime* and the new, that is destined, from the profound interest in its social and political questions, its great actors, the romance of its existence, and the tragedy of its issues, to furnish matter for the epics of a century. Noble men are represented as struggling to follow the higher instincts of nature, and struggling, often in vain, to free themselves from social and legal shackles. The high-blooded and high-toned young Carolinians, and the almost white brunettes to whom they are naturally wedded while they can not be legally on account of race-barriers, are of course highly idealized, and probably have few counterparts in real life. What practically is and what sentimentally should be are separated by a wide gap in the realms of reality. The author deals

largely in monologue rather than dialogue. In ghostly terrors he might be the peer of Wilkie Collins; but he has a habit of preparing his readers for surprises, and of forewarning them that something terrible is coming. His best scene is the duel between the "pore white" woman and almost white slave mistress who played spook and deftly stilettoed, right and left, the objects of her lover's hate. His liveliest description is that of the Boston Jubilee. The great object of a book is to do good. We hope this one has its mission. (J. B. Ford & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

REV. W. S. URMY seeks to popularize science in *The King of Day*, a volume in dialogue form, on the size, constituents, beams, spots, warming, heating, curative agencies, picture-power, and motions of the SUN, with illustrations. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

CHILD-KIDNAPING is fearful business and yet extensively practiced, not merely by gypsies, but in Christian lands. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, stimulated by the sad Charlie-Ross case no doubt, has made this style of crime a State-prison offense, and added a heavy pecuniary fine. A common form of kidnaping and slavery is that recently brought to light—the carrying away of little Italian boys and girls, and compelling them to sing and play in the streets of our large cities for cruel masters who beat and starve and maltreat them in various ways. A nice picture of the way in which this is done is presented in the story of *Lucien Guglieri*, by Mary B. Lee. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

CIRCUIT-RIDING, as it used to be called, or itinerating, is a style of life sufficiently prolific in incident and romance to be made, more frequently than it is, the theme of absorbing story. Mrs. E. E. Boyd pictures, in cheery style, two evolutions of the "great iron wheel," in the case of a new-married couple, whose first charge was with a well-to-do and appreciative people, with a well-furnished parsonage and desirable perquisites; the next (as happens in practice about every other time in an itinerant's history) not so desirable a place, where a half-fur-

nished parsonage set the wits of the occupants at work and taught them lessons in ingenuity and economy. We are only afraid that *Life on the Circuit* may set the wives of all itinerants to scribbling for the papers in the hope of eking out a husband's salary. Better starve on a missionary appropriation. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

THE miseries of the poor and orphaned in our great cities are prolific themes for pens that have the power of tragedy-painting. *Froggy's Little Brother*, a story of low London life, showing the possibilities of wretchedness and poverty in the world's richest metropolis. It is a sad picture, broad, dense, unrelieved shadows, and few lights, evidently designed to arouse the sympathies and draft the benevolence of the wealthy in behalf of the destitute and wretched. (Robt. Carter & Brothers, New York.)

TEACHERS and superintendents in our Sunday-schools, who are engaged in the study of the International Series of lessons, will find in *Expository Notes on the Book of Joshua*, by Dr. Howard Crosby, a neat, compact, and well-digested comment on that venerable book. The latest results of Biblical criticism are tersely expressed, and the notes are not cumbered with long and labored criticisms, which, while they have an immense show of learning, amount to nothing more than nonsense. It is printed in good style, by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

FICTION.—In the line of fiction we have received *Estelle*, a novel, by Mrs. Annie Edwards—said to be the best effort of her pen. (Sheldon & Co., New York; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.) In *the Camargue*, by Emily Bowles, a picturesque story of life in the southern part of France. (Loring, Boston, is publisher. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

PAMPHLETS.—Report of the Ohio Institution for the education of the *Deaf and Dumb*; Report of the Ohio Institution for the education of the *Blind*; Catalogue of *M'Kendree College*; Catalogue of *Bunker Hill Academy*; Report of *Freedmen's Aid Society*, Methodist Episcopal Church; Register of St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ICONOCLASM. The word "Iconoclasm" means idol-smashing. The iconoclast is an idol-smasher. The celebrated Chinese rebel, Tai-Ping Wong, was a ruthless temple-destroyer and idol-smasher. Idolaters are numerous, iconoclasts are few. The worship of great names, that which Carlyle calls "hero-worship," is one of the commonest forms of idolatry. Lord Bacon classified the worshiped philosophical systems as "idols of the den," "idols of the forum," "idols of the theater," and so on. For two centuries, Bacon himself has been worshiped as the originator, or, at least, the formulator, of the inductive system of philosophy; but here comes the American Draper, smashing the idol of many an eloquent college commencement oration with the cruel dictum: "It is time that the sacred name of philosophy should be severed from its long connection with that of one who was a pretender in science, a time-serving politician, an insidious lawyer, a corrupt judge, a treacherous friend, a bad man."

For half a century the Churches have sung Bishop Heber's pretty hymn:

"By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!"

And now comes an iconoclastic Scotch divine, of the city of Glasgow, and tells us that there is no shady rill there, and no lilies in the neighborhood. So that Heber's lines are a topographical and botanical falsehood, besides containing, like his popular missionary hymn, questionable quantity in the pronunciation of a proper name.

The whole world rings with the name of Morse, as the inventor of the system of magnetic telegraphy, and New York erects, in Central Park, a bronze statue to his memory; but a recent writer tells us that the new machine was Alfred Vail's, and not Morse's at all.

At a recent visit to our sanctum, a friend threw on our table a history of the "so-called Christopher Columbus," a volume which goes systematically at work to set aside and destroy all the existing histories and traditions of the great Genoese naviga-

tor. In his Preface, the author, with all the world on one side, and himself in a minority of one on the other, "a single champion against a host of opponents," sets forth a twofold object: the first, to reduce Columbus to his true position in history; the other, to protest against the greed of modern times, in arrogating to itself all the greatness of all the ages, and claiming the honor of inventing and discovering sciences and arts which had been carried to a high pitch of perfection before the so-called history of the world began. The first part of his book is devoted to this examination; the second, to the claims made by, and for, Columbus. Historians and geographers tell us that Columbus was a "native of Genoa;" this author tells us that thirteen towns have each in turn been designated as his birthplace.

"Seven cities now contend for Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

We have always believed him to be the son of an honest wool-comber; this author finds him descended from a race of pirates; "no mention of their being Italians; for aught we know they may have been Greek pirates." His usual birth-date is given as 1445; our author thinks it should be placed fifteen or twenty years earlier. His voyage to Iceland is regarded as mythical; that he was engaged in the Guinea slave-trade; was long addicted to piracy; that his family name was Griego; that he was past the prime of life in 1485, are really all the facts that can be gathered of him previous to that date. The portraits of the great mariner are all spurious; the celebrated letter of Toscanella is a forgery, and bogus; Columbus did not get the idea of transatlantic lands from any scientific source, but borrowed them from Alonzo Sanchez, a pilot who was driven across the ocean by storms, returned, and died at the house of Columbus, who inherited his charts and observations, and was not, therefore, the original discoverer of America; and "who culminates a long life of piracy by robbing a dead man of the glory that belonged to him." "The ruling traits of his character were hypocrisy, avarice, and selfishness."

Through two hundred pages octavo, this author pursues "the admiral of three fishing-smacks," with rather more acrimony than seems consistent with the truth of impartial history, and sums up the account with saying: "We look in vain through his life for any trait or action that would endear him to the hearts of men, for one deed that may be regarded as the impulse of a great and noble mind or generous heart; we find nothing but low cunning, arrogance, avarice, religious cant, deceit, and cruelty." How different these representations from all the notions of our early education about the great discoverer upon whom the world has lavished its laudations, and whom the Romish Church, which has honored with sainthood some of the greatest criminals in history, has lately threatened with canonization!

It would not be difficult to criticise this self-constituted critic. He thinks the "terrific storm" that overtook the returning caravels "magnified and exaggerated," but finds no difficulty in believing that Alonzo Sanchez was driven miraculously by a "most violent tempest" "twenty-eight or nine days," in seas where easterly winds very seldom blow at that gait. It appears to us that Columbus must have possessed some sort of greatness, natural powers, enthusiasm, or something of the kind, to induce the prior of the convent, the Pinzons, and the Sovereigns of Spain, to listen to so obscure a personage, or even to believe his representations, supposing him to have appeared before them with the charts of the dead pilot in his hands. Naturally enough, he stipulated to be made governor of the lands he might discover. In cruelty and perhaps in avarice, thirst for promotion and gold, he was probably no whit behind the average Spaniard of his age; and a long way this side of Columbus are the horrible barbarities of Mexico and Peru, and the blood-curdling atrocities of Cortez and Pizarro. Columbus never knew what he had discovered. He had been several years dead when Balboa crossed the isthmus of Darien, and looked out upon the Pacific Ocean. It was a quarter of a century from the trans-navigation of the Atlantic before Magellan rounded Cape Horn, traversed the broad Pacific, and circumnavigated the globe for the first time. The fact is, that the name and fame of Co-

lumbus have grown with the increasing greatness and importance of the lands he unveiled. A hundred years ago, George Washington was the rebel captain of a band of rebels. In 1861, Lincoln, "a third-rate Illinois lawyer," was made chief of a disorganized Union. Events vindicated the men, exalted their positions, and magnified their personal merits and qualities out of all proportion to their conception of themselves or the estimate of contemporaries. Mankind loves to saintify and deify its idols. Crimes and follies and imperfections are disagreeable to look upon; the crimes and faults and devilhood of particular ages are concentrated in a few monumental and typical characters—the Cains, the Ahabs, the Judases, the Catilines, the Borgias, the Benedict Arnolds, of their respective centuries. The virtues, the excellencies, the sanctity, the knowledge, the wisdom, of given periods, it loves also to concentrate in Josephs and Solomons, Platos, Colombos, and Washingtons. The romance of Irving is infinitely more agreeable, and perhaps a deal more profitable, for youth to read, with its pictures of self-sacrifice and purity, than the suggestions and proofs of insincerity, cheater, and *Police Gazette* villainy, fished up from the cess-pools of the depravity of dead men and dead ages. Historians, like farmers and fishermen, gather and garner the good, and cast the bad away. The only question for readers to decide is, whether good romance is better than bad history. History is a queer compound. Of its actors,

"Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall."

Some great criminals have doubtless risen to the reputation of sainthood, and some characters of most exalted virtue have been humbled to the dust, who will have to wait till the day of judgment for their vindication.

"No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes; what king so strong
Can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue?"

When some English nobleman was asked by a fond parent what he should give his boy to read, the reply was, "Any thing but history; that is sure to be false." Burns says,

"Some books are lies frae end to end,"

and many so-called histories are doubtless

as obnoxious to the Scotch poet's charge as this author's "so-called" histories of Christopher Columbus.

LAW AND LAWYERS.—The interminable scrimmagings of legal practice were admirably hit off in a clever caricature of the Beecher trial, which first appeared in the New York *Herald*, and has gone the rounds of the country, which represents the famous struggle as still in progress at the end of the century, when plaintiff and defendant, judge, jury, and counsel, were as old as Rip Van Winkle.

The examinations and cross-examinations, the fights of counsel, the time spent and the dust and fog raised to confound the judge, trap the opposite side, and bewilder the jury, put one in mind of Swift's description of "the tribe of lawyers" whom, he tells Pope, he cordially hated, "a society of men," he says, "bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid. If my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have the cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be skillfully done, will certainly bespeak the favor of the bench.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause, but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. They never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow, but whether said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue."

ROME continues to receive hard knocks in the warfare of English pamphleteers, led off by Gladstone. The old damsel in scarlet rather enjoys a fight of this kind, and is sure, like any vexed or enraged feminine, to have the last word, and to come first and best out of the controversy. *Harper's Weekly*, *Nast*, and Eugene Lawrence are doing their "level best" to enlighten this country, and especially New York City, on the dangers to liberty and enlightenment from the growing ascendancy of Jesuitism, absolutism, ignorance, and servility to priestly rule, among the masses; but our people are passive, and politicians are truculent, while Rome saps the life of the Republic.

LIVINGSTONE MEMORIAL.—The Scotch and English are raising a fund of fifty thousand dollars to establish a mission in the neighborhood of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, in honor of the great explorer, who spent thirty years in arduous and beneficent labors, and who now sleeps in Westminster Abbey. The contemplated mission is a greater honor than sepulchre among England's kings and heroes. It is a glorious enterprise and liberal, as the Church counts liberality; but the amount should be five hundred thousand dollars instead of fifty thousand.

DELEGATES to the next General Conference are already elected by some of the annual conferences. Those chosen this Spring will have a year to study up measures of improvement and reform, and to cut out work for the ecclesiastical sewing-machine. Let the elect give twelve months' careful attention to what needs new making, and what mending, in our Church mechanism to secure its easy working and greater efficiency.

Shall presiding elders be elected by the conferences?

Shall we have a revision of the Hymn-book?

Shall the Foreign Missionary Society be divorced from the Domestic?

Shall bishops travel at large throughout the length and breadth of the continent and both hemispheres, and come together twice a year from the four quarters of the globe to lay out their semi-annual work? or shall each have a four years' diocese assigned to him, in which he can manage conferences and

appointments, and travel and preach at his godly discretion?

A NEW ENCYCLICAL.—Pius IX is as fond of promulgating allocutions as Andy Johnson is of making political speeches. In a bull issued at Rome in February last, on the condition of the Romish Church in Germany, his Holiness reviews the operation of the German ecclesiastical laws, and declares that "these laws are null and void because they are entirely contrary to the constitution of the Church; for it is not to the great ones of the earth that the Lord has subjected the bishops of his Church, but to Peter. No temporal power, however exalted, has the right to deprive of their episcopal dignity those who have been nominated by the Holy Spirit to rule in the Church." The Pope excommunicates all those who disobey, and visits with anathemas all who deviate from his episcopal directions.

THE MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL has become as distinguishing an institution of Cincinnati as the annual Exposition. A splendidly trained chorus of several hundred rich and fresh voices, a fine local orchestra, a powerful organ, Thomas, and his unrivaled band, big-voiced Whitney, Mrs. Smith, Miss Carey, and other renowned soloists, and seats in the broad Exposition Hall for five thousand auditors, combine to promise a season of unprecedented interest and assured success. The children of the public-schools will contribute their portion to the entertainment, which, in variety, classical selection, and finished execution, will be all that the most fastidious can desire.

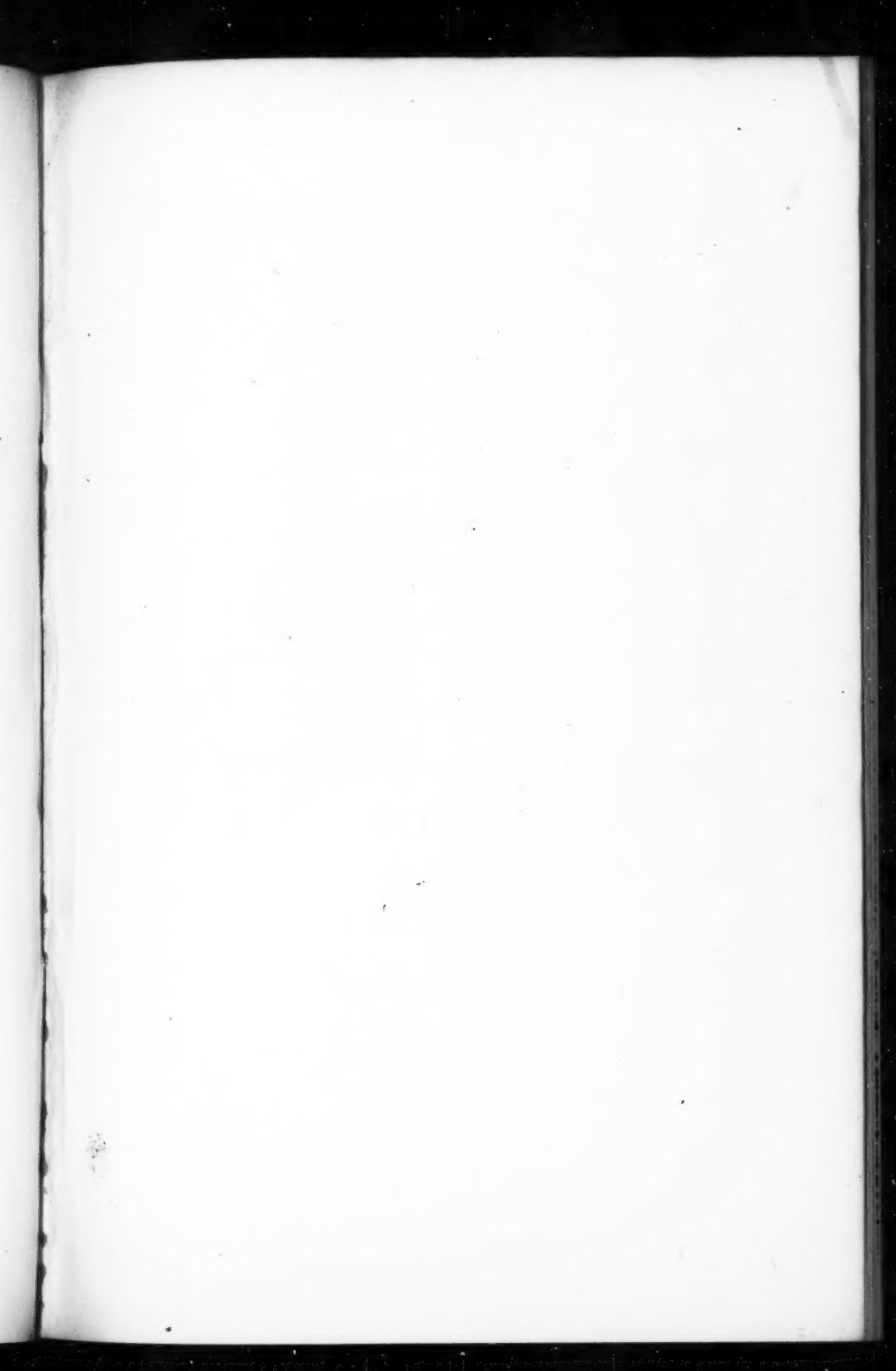
OUR PORTRAIT.—Multitudes will look with pleasure upon the earnest and thoughtful face of our old friend, schoolmate, and college-associate, the late president of Dickinson. As a critical scholar, he had few equals, as a Christian minister and devoted educator, he has an enviable record. Our assistant editor, formerly a pupil of the Doctor, communicates the following:

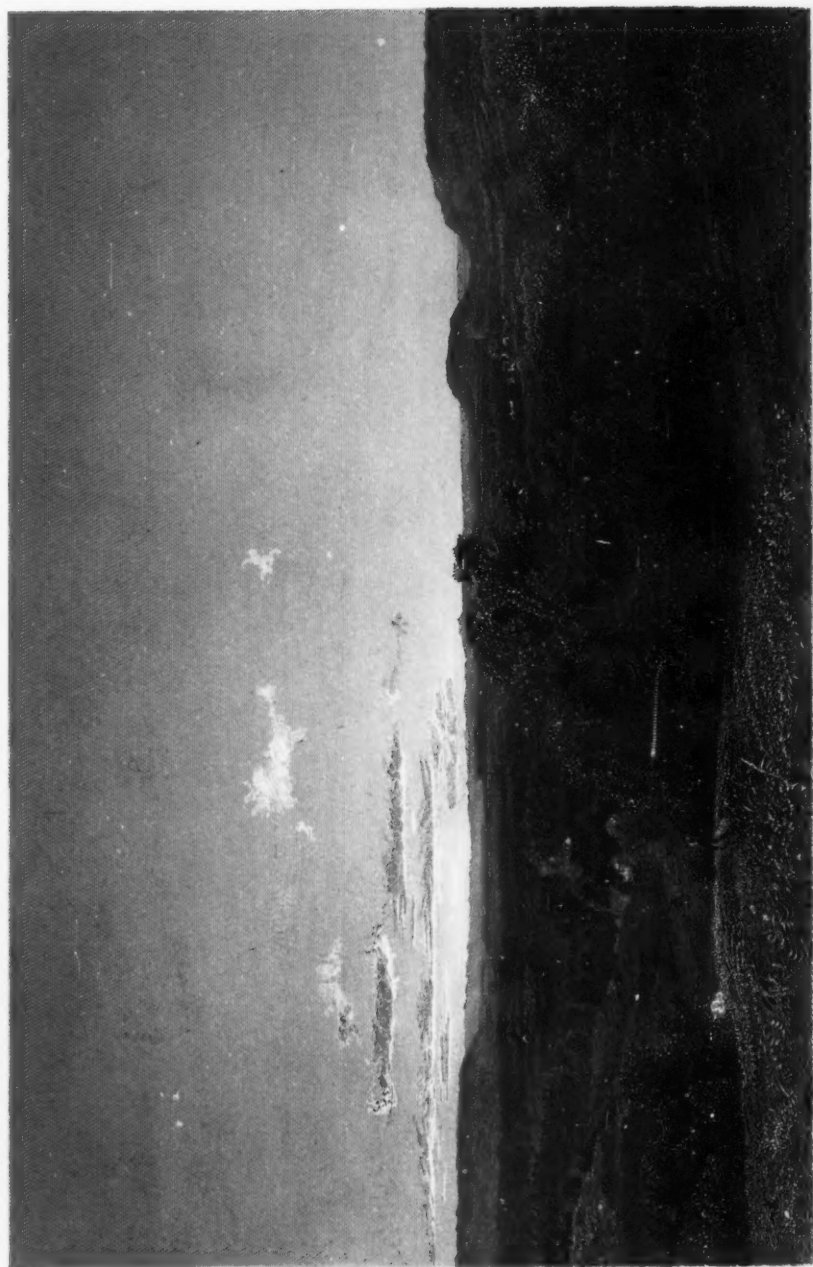
"I recall with pleasure the many hours I spent in the class-room under the instruction of Dr. Johnson. He was emphatically a teacher. His explanations of our lessons were clear and satisfactory, for he had entire mastery of the subjects taught. His memory was exact, his judgment critical, and his

knowledge extensive. The whole range of literature seemed to be familiar on his tongue; and his illustrations, pertinent, apt, and conclusive, fixed the impression of the hour on the mind. Sermons and lectures from his lips—now a quarter of a century gone—I yet recollect, so that not only many of the thoughts, but the very words—*verba ipsissima magistri*—I can even now repeat. His style was sententious, often curt, exact, and pointed, but not elegant. He was too much of a metaphysician to stickle about the graces of literary composition, or the turn of an expression; yet his taste was cultured, and he had a store of refined wit that made his conversation attractive. His manner in the recitation-room was not of that unbending dignity which repelled question, nor familiarity that invited rudeness. Those who cared to learn could not help being profited by his teachings."

REVISAL.—Bishop Haven is out in favor of revisal, foremost in this as in every thing that promises progress. His idea of adding hymn-book to hymn-book, in successive volumes, would be a good one if we had a Charles Wesley flinging off new lines by the thousand every year; but, in the absence of a living poet, and in the presence of the fact that hymns worthy of addition to the stock in hand come only occasionally, not half a dozen in ten years, we may be reconciled to infrequent revisions, perhaps once in a generation. We can't grind out new hymn-books as Sunday-school note-book publishers do their singing-manuals, without the danger of flooding the Church with the same kind of trash as a substitute for real poetry.

"VATICANISM" is the title of Mr. Gladstone's answer to "Reproofs and Replies," the twenty or so that he thought worthy of notice out of the multitude of his irate assailants. The ex-premier deals heavy blows at his foes, and heavier still at the Papacy. "We see before us the Pope, the bishops, the priests, the people. The priests are absolute over the people, the bishops over both, the Pope over all." Vaticanism says, "Do not appeal to reason, that is rationalism; do not appeal to Scripture, that is heresy; do not appeal to history, that is private judgment." He warns his countrymen against "the velvet paw."





WARREN VALLEY - CHANDLER CO. N.Y.

WARREN VALLEY BRANDS CO. N.Y.



PAINTED BY L. H. HAYDON

ENGRAVED BY H. WALLINGTON

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL

London: 1850